

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 17, 1972



TIME

Viet Nam: The Big Test

A rumble seat made a good car a little better. So does a rear door.



1931 Model A Roadster.



1972 Pinto Runabout shown with optional white sidewall tires,
rocker panel molding and accent group.

When you make a solid, sensible, economical little car you don't change it. Except to make it better.

Now that we're making that kind of car again, that's the only kind of change we're going to make.

For example, we've made a Runabout model of the Ford Pinto. It has a rear door the basic Pinto doesn't have. And rear seats that fold down for extra cargo space that's five feet long. Everything else is the same.

A gutsy little engine that gets the same economical kind of gas mileage as the little imports.

A solid-as-a-rock four speed transmission. Sports car steering. A welded steel body with six coats of paint.

Pinto is wide and stable, but not big. It's got plenty of leg and shoulder room, but it's barely 1½ inches longer than the leading import.

There you have it. The basic Pinto: a good little car. Our Pinto Runabout: a little better, good little car.

See them at your Ford dealer's.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

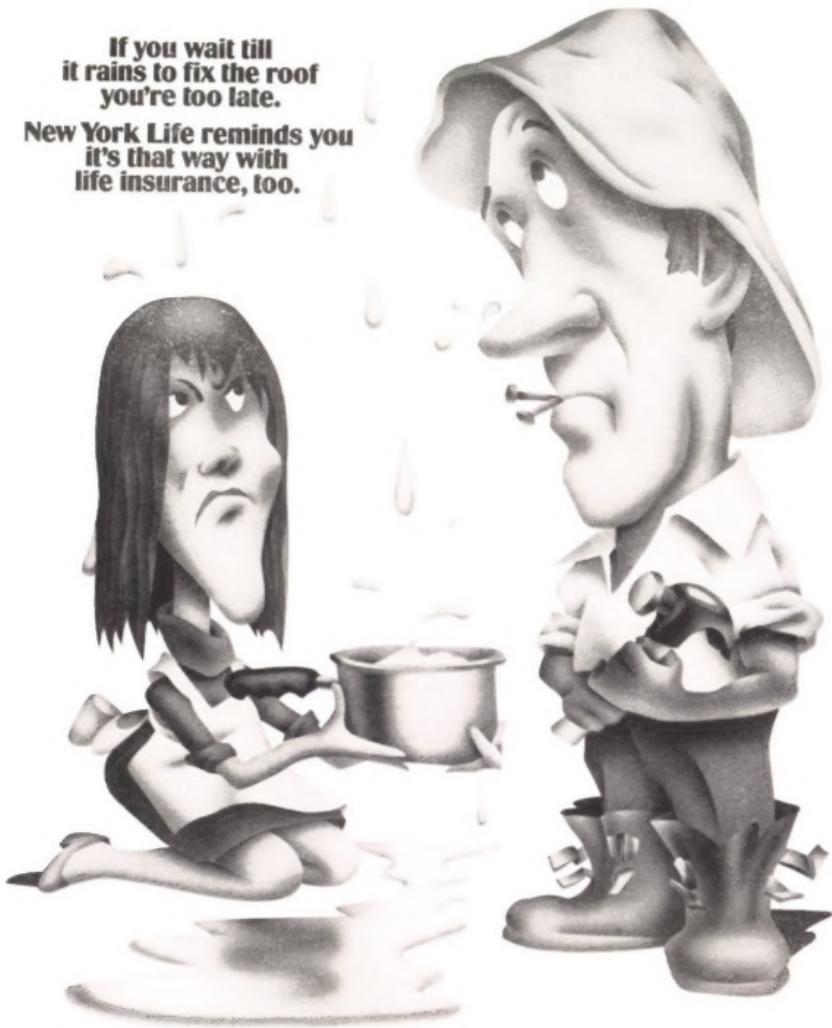
FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION



**If you wait till
it rains to fix the roof
you're too late.**

**New York Life reminds you
it's that way with
life insurance, too.**



There are some things in life you shouldn't keep putting off. Buying life insurance is one of them.

After all, your health will probably never be better than when you're young. And the premium on your policy will never be lower—something you'll appreciate as the years go by.

So don't put off till tomorrow what

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

you should do today.

See your New York Life Agent. He'll design a plan with a premium you can afford to pay. A plan that will give your family the basic financial protection it needs—immediately.

Remember, you'll never be any younger.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



American Express takes pleasure in exposing the fine restaurants of Chicago.



From out-of-town visitors to the most knowledgeable man about town, the American Express Money Card can be a most revealing source of dining information. Here at home (and wherever you travel) the American Express shield on a restaurant door can be your invitation to a great meal. How's your local dining IQ? Have you tried every restaurant on this list?

(One more revelation. Every establishment that displays the shield will be delighted to furnish you with an application for an American Express Money Card. If you don't already have one, pick up an application today.)



Pump Room of the Ambassador East

Chicago. SU 7-7200. Showplace setting for flaming sword service. Famous Mecca for society and showfolk.

Seven Eagles

Des Plaines. 299-0011. The gourmet's preference in an exquisite atmosphere. Dining in incomparable elegance.

Oscar's

Morton Grove. 965-1977. Fine American food since 1930. Featuring prime rib and seafood specialties. Convenient suburban location.

The Ninety-Fifth

Chicago. 787-9596. High atop the John Hancock building, featuring elegant French dining and Sybaris lounge.

Yorkshire Room

Chicago. 327-7070. Located in the Park Lane Hotel. A large menu featuring expertly prepared specialties.

Trader Vic's

Chicago. 726-7500. Located in the Palmer House. Featuring Polynesian and Cantonese delicacies served in South Seas atmosphere.

Martinique, Drury Lane

Evergreen Park. 779-4000. America's most successful dinner theater combination.

Top of the Rock

Chicago. 642-7676. Located in Prudential Plaza, this attractively decorated restaurant has a spectacular view of the city and lakefront.

Gino's Steak House

Harvey. 331-4393. Where steak is King. Featuring the Vintage Room, containing the largest wine rack in the Midwest.

Harold's

Lansing. 985-1220. Specializing in Chateaubriand and shish-kabob, Las Vegas atmosphere can be found in the Harold's Club Lounge.

The Flame

Oakbrook. 833-1310. For steaks at their very best from the open hearth. Featuring the Tree Lounge, an intimate piano bar, and entertainment.

Benihana of Tokyo

Chicago. 644-9643. Authentic Japanese atmosphere and cuisine featuring unique hibachi-style cooking.

Como Inn

Chicago. 421-5222. One of Chicago's most famous Italian restaurants. Prime aged steaks and live Maine lobsters. Charming old world atmosphere.

Hugo's

Rosemont. 696-1234. Located in the Regency Hyatt House near O'Hare Airport. Offers gourmet fare in a spectacular setting.

Chez Paul

Chicago. 337-9713. Superb French cuisine in elegant dining rooms of a famous old Chicago mansion.

Hotel and motor inn rooms, exposed...

Another inside hint for travelers. Get confirmed reservations for hotel and motor inn rooms and rent-a-cars all over the country and the world with one toll-free phone call to Space Bank, a service of American Express Reservations, Inc. at:

(800) AE 8-5000

Remember, American Express Space Bank and the Money Card —don't travel without them.

AMERICAN EXPRESS.

The Money Card



The drier liqueur

B & B on the rocks

B & B Stinger



B & B a la Francaise



B & B is the drier liqueur...made with exquisite Benedictine, blended with superb cognac in the abbey at Fecamp, France. After coffee...enjoy B & B a la Francaise, on the rocks, or the new B & B Stinger: 3 parts B & B, 1 part white creme de menthe, shake with ice, strain into cocktail glass or serve over ice.



B AND **B**
BENEDICTINE BRANDY
The drier liqueur

Why Bob Pichette uses a Pitney Bowes postage meter for as few as 5 letters a day.



Twelve years ago, Bob Pichette set up his own business in LaSalle, Quebec, as a photographer. Since then, it's become his way of life! He married a photographer, their home became their studio, and as leading photographers in his community, he's on call at all hours. It's even made him something of a philosopher. "Nobody," he says, "nobody is really ugly." And he has pictures to prove it.

To business: About a year ago, some of Bob's mail went out with insufficient postage. Irritated, Bob looked around for a way to prevent this happening again. He decided to get a Pitney Bowes postage scale to make sure his mail would be weighed accurately. And while he was at it, he ordered a postage meter as well.

Bob got the meter simply to ensure having the correct postage on hand at all times—but to his delight, he found he'd got a whole lot more than he bargained for.

For a start, he's able to cut down on

trips to the Post Office—and no more scrambling to get there before its doors close. What's more, he has a ready record of all the postage he used (a help to his accountant at tax time!).

Another useful thing for Bob is the fact that the meter postmarks all postage. If Bob tells a client he will "mail the photographs by Thursday," he has the dated metered stamp to prove that he did.

Bob even feels that, indirectly, his postage meter helps him sell more pictures. For example, if he covers a wedding on Saturday, he can have sample pictures ready by Sunday. And being independent of the Post Office, he can send them out right away so his potential customers get them by Monday—which is so soon after the happy event, that they are in a good mood to buy.

And Bob has one more benefit to come from his meter. Remembering the advice received from one of his teachers—"make sure people know you," Bob is busy devising his own little ad. And

his Pitney Bowes postage meter will be happy to print it for him, right beside the postage.

If the story of Bob Pichette, his postage scale and his meter makes you think you might have some use for them too, please call us and our demonstrator will come running to show what we can offer.

For more information, write Pitney Bowes, 1253 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904, or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Mailing Equipment, Copiers, Addresser-Printers, Counters and Imprinters, Labeling and Marking Systems.



Pitney Bowes

Because business travels
at the speed of paper.

Travelers offers you the one an insurance company:

The cost of insurance, like the cost of practically everything else these days, seems to be going up and up and up with no end in sight.

Through our Office of Consumer Information, we've been hearing you out on this matter for a year now. We've been working on ways to do something about it for considerably longer. And we've come up with an idea that can actually lower the cost of our insurance as much as 20 per cent.

Basically, our idea is to sell insurance in a "whole-sale" kind of way.

Working through companies or organizations, we can afford to charge less for individual auto insurance, homeowners, and what have you. Because when we sell to a lot of people at the same time and in the same place, the costs of selling and servicing are lower.

Not only that, our agents and brokers can write a simplified policy that's much easier to understand. And easier to pay for, because premiums can be automatically deducted from your paycheck.

We tried our idea at several large companies. It worked even better than we thought it would. And

thing you want most from insurance for less money.

now we think it can save money for millions of other people, too.

If you're interested, if you'd like to know more, simply call The Travelers Office of Consumer Information and ask.

And if you have anything else on your mind, like whether "no-fault" auto insurance can really save you money or how health care can affect you or even some purely personal insurance problem, we'll do our best to help you there, too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time
(800) 243-0191.

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565**.

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



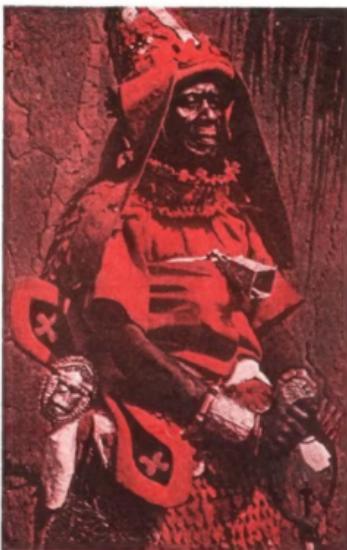
THE TRAVELERS



Modigliani's contemporary head shows the influence of ritual African masks.

DID YOU KNOW...

- Africans spoke more than a thousand tongues, and had almost as many systems of behavior and belief.
- Africans practiced a kind of social welfare 1,000 years ago which provided for widows and orphans.
- From evidence of fossil skulls and bone fragments, it appears that Africa may have been the birthplace of mankind, almost 2 million years ago.
- Three insect villains were largely responsible for keeping Africa a dark unknown continent for many years: the anopholes mosquito, the tsetse fly, and locusts.



A Chief of Benin, richly robed for a festival honoring the Oba's father. In early times the Oba—a godlike absolute monarch—held many royal celebrations featuring human sacrifice.



"Mouse oracle" used by Baule diviners.

Borrow
AFRICAN KINGDOMS
 for 10 days free
 as your introduction to
GREAT AGES OF MAN

Let us take you on a thousand-year safari through the lost civilizations of ancient Africa



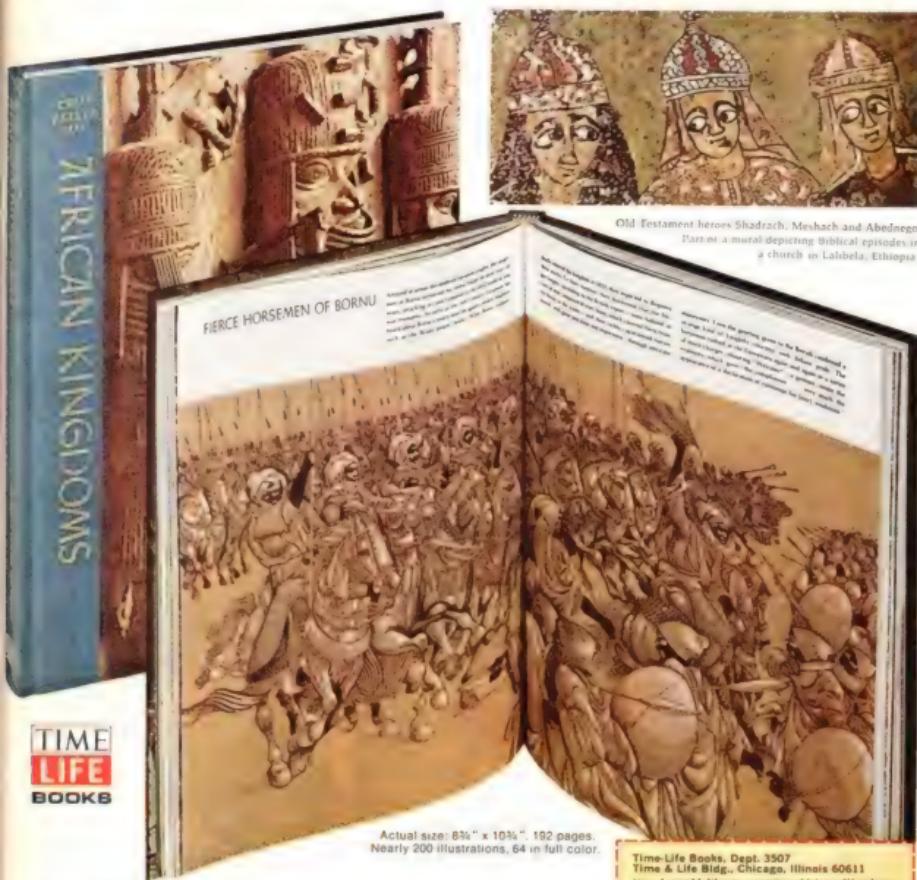
The ruins of Kilwa's Great Mosque, built by 12th and 13th century sultans.

TIMBUKTU. The name lingers hauntingly, like some half-remembered adventure story from childhood. But Timbuktu was not a fiction. It was a fabulous African reality—the dazzling center of the sixteenth century empire of Songhai, intellectual capital of the Western Sudan. In a well-endowed university, scholars taught and wrote about history, religion, law and philosophy. And Timbuktu's thriving book trade was more profitable than any other kind of commerce.

Timbuktu is only a part of the story of *African Kingdoms*. Nearly two centuries ago, the city of Kumasi in the Ashanti kingdom boasted broad boulevards, a modern army, a complex trading bureaucracy, indoor plumbing. In Lalibela, thirteenth century capital of Ethiopia, devoted believers carved ten churches from solid rock and evidently had them adorned by artisans from Greece, Rome and Byzantium. On the Tassili plateau in the Sahara, the dry climate preserved fifteen thousand rock paintings—the world's greatest gallery of prehistoric art. The glittering port cities of Kilwa, Mombasa, Ma-

lindi and Zanzibar abounded in rich cultures—rich not only in material wealth, but in imaginative invention. Their myths, their interpretations of man's place in his world, are a blend of poetry and philosophy. More noble than savage, more spiritual than pagan, they expressed their feelings and beliefs with stunning virtuosity in their art, which was almost as necessary to them as food and water. The far-reaching influence of their sculpture can be seen today in the work of Picasso, Modigliani and other modern masters. Their music provided the well-springs for jazz.

African Kingdoms is brought to you by the Great Ages of Man... a series of superb books that "make learning a joy" as one enthusiastic reader put it. The text is by Basil Davidson, the distinguished British author of many books on



Actual size: 8½" x 10¾". 192 pages.
Nearly 200 illustrations, 64 in full color.

Africa. A special portfolio of drawings re-creates the astonishing cities of ancient Africa...and famed photographer Eliot Elisofon captures the incomparable African carvings in a dramatic photo-essay. A big, handsome, hardbound book, *African Kingdoms* contains nearly 200 illustrations in its 192 pages, 64 in full color.

Browse for 10 days free—then decide

You may borrow the book for a ten-day free trial. If it doesn't enchant you in that time, simply send it back. If you keep it, you pay only \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada), plus shipping and handling. And you will then receive other volumes in the Great Ages of Man—one every other month, with the same 10-day free examination and at the same price of \$4.95, plus shipping and handling. There is no minimum number you must buy.

For your copy, fill out and mail the postpaid card bound into these pages. Or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 3501, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Other volumes from GREAT AGES OF MAN

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- * *Ancient China* • *Ancient Egypt*



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Yes, I would like to examine *African Kingdoms*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to *Great Ages of Man*. If I decide to keep *African Kingdoms*, I will pay \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. I will receive future volumes in the *Great Ages of Man* series, shipped a volume at a time, every other month. Each is \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *African Kingdoms*, I will return it within 10 days; my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

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What's her line?



If you pick just one of these women as a steel-worker, you're partly right. All six are employed in various Bethlehem Steel operations across the country.

Many people regard the steel industry as a man's world. But the fact is that Bethlehem's female employees perform a variety of jobs. They are right out there in the plants, shipyards, shops, and

laboratories, wearing hard hats, safety shoes, and protective glasses with feminine styling.

Bethlehem believes in providing equal employment at equal wages for everybody. Partly because it's good business. But even more, because it is the right thing to do.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



1. DOLLY SHEPHERD
Tractor Operator, Sparrows Point, Md.

2. MARY WARMKESSEL
TV Camera Operator, Bethlehem, Pa.

3. LENA HILL
Welder, San Francisco, Calif.

4. KAREN HOYER
Engineering Detailer, Seattle, Wash.

5. BARBARA BACHMAN
Fuel Engineer, Lackawanna, N.Y.

6. CAROLYN NANCE
Water Analyst, Burns Harbor, Ind.



CAN YOU PROVE HE SHOWED HIS I.D.?

Let the Kodak Monitor Super 8 Camera be your silent witness. Costs less than \$200. Provides proof that you have complied with the law. Also helps deter would-be robbers.

This compact super 8 camera installs easily. Provides clear movies that speed apprehension. Remote-control cord permits operation of camera from most convenient location.

Also available, for less than \$240, the Kodak Analyst Super 8 Camera. Automatically snaps pictures at intervals from 1½ seconds to 90 seconds. Use for security or traffic studies.

For more information, mail the coupon.

Kodak Monitor Super 8 Camera. Kodak Analyst Super 8 Camera



WHO STOLE IT? A WAY TO FIND OUT.

You can't watch every customer, every minute. The Kodak Analyst Camera can. Lets you keep track of every face. Less than \$240.

This compact super 8 security camera installs easily. Provides clear pictures for identification and, later, courtroom use. It snaps a picture at any interval you choose from once every 1½ seconds to once every 90 seconds. Great for traffic studies, too.

Also available, for less than \$200, the Kodak Monitor Camera. Operates on demand to provide a film record of robberies or suspicious characters.

Details? Send the coupon.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Department 412L, Rochester, N.Y. 14650

A 119

- Please send more information on the Kodak super 8 photographic security system.
 Have representative call.

Application _____

Name _____

Position _____

Company _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

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Kodak

Prices include mounting bracket, sound-absorbent box, sighting mirror, batteries, and actuation switch, but do not include film or services such as installation and processing, which are available through local distributors. Prices subject to change without notice.

Finally, other airlines admit there is more to flying first class than a meal and a movie. I've offered more for years.

The Red Baron

My first-class Senator Service was voted by American travel agents as best across the Atlantic. It starts even before you get off the ground. At my brand-new terminal at JFK, in New York you check in at special Senator Service counters, then you are whisked in a private elevator up to the spacious, uncrowded Senator Lounge, with a well-stocked bar and an art gallery. There even are conference rooms for a business meeting right at the airport, if you need a last-minute predeparture get-together with your business associates. And in Germany you enjoy an equally magnificent Senator Lounge.

Aboard a Lufthansa jet, sitting in the first-class seats is like sitting in a diplomat's limousine. There is a little soft footstool for your feet so you can take off your shoes and wiggle your toes in wooly slippers my lovely stewardess gives you. And you can stroll around my spacious 747, go up the spiral staircase to the lounge, have a drink at the bar, choose a bonbon from the box that's always there. (You ever try German marzipan? Oh boy.)

Did I mention the food? A menu

like you get only in a fine Continental restaurant, with a tremendous choice of appetizers and seven entrées, hors d'oeuvres, desserts, wines, cocktails, champagne, beer (westbound, it's on draft), soft drinks, all served in crystal and china on linen. And cheeses and pumpernickel and Continental chocolates.

And a movie to watch (or ignore), five different stereo music channels to listen to (\$2.50 for the earphones), and big windows to see out of. And a friendly bunch of stewards and stewardesses who will talk to you about their favorite restaurant in Cologne and their favorite ski slope at Innsbruck.

I have gone on too long, but I cannot stop talking about my Lufthansa Senator Service. Lufthansa flies to over 100 places in over 66 countries. Next time you fly, fly Lufthansa, the airline that knows what the other ones have just found out.

And you can charge any Lufthansa trip through Diners Club or American Express.

For reservations call your travel agent or Lufthansa.



Lufthansa
German Airlines



The large investor deserves something better.

If you have \$300,000 or more to invest, you're entitled to something better in investment counsel. You have problems and requirements unknown to the small securities investor.

First Investment Advisory Service gives professional guidance you can trust. Your personal Investment Account Manager can be completely objective because he's judged on performance, not by the number of transactions he makes. He's trained to have a broader perspective—to take the long-range view that considers your total financial plan.

He will take the time to give the portfolio the attention it needs. Time you may not have. He'll help make decisions on diversification, capital gains, income needs—decisions based on your objectives and the conditions of the market place.

How your Account Manager approaches your investments will be determined by the objectives set in your first discussions with him. Then, after reviewing your present portfolio, he'll design an investment plan that's yours alone.

Because he can act on his own, he can quickly

make recommendations that are backed by a professional in-house research team and sophisticated computer analysis. And once you've made the decision, he'll take action immediately, using our own experienced traders.

You can exercise complete control or, if you prefer, we will assume full discretion. Either way, your records will be readily accessible and your plan will be fully and frequently reviewed with you.

For full details on how First Investment Advisory Service can mean something better for you, call Terence Lilly at The First National Bank of Chicago. Call him at (312) 732-8440.

First Investment Advisory Service. Something better.



LETTERS

Wallace

Sir / I'm not for George Wallace [March 27], but in the campaign for the Florida primary he was the only one who was open and honest and gave the other Democratic candidates an issue. Why do the Democratic presidential candidates have to wait until they know what the major issues are before they can use them as propaganda on American voters, young and old? As an 18-year-old voter, I have my doubts as to whether I want to vote in 1972!

BEVERLY FOLGER
North Augusta, S.C.

Sir / Most of the candidates are not really listening to us. I'll not vote for George Wallace. I still see him standing in the doorway barring the way of a Negro trying to get a college education, but I can't help feeling quite a bit as he does. I also think thousands, no millions of others are feeling the same way. We are just plain tired, tired of supporting everyone. It really seems that everything is geared to help the poor (nobody really begrudges this help), but since we pay the way, maybe a little bit of help for us is due.

(MRS.) PAT GALLAGHER
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir / I am sorry you did not save the "Con Man of the Year" award for George Wallace. He has conned many Americans into believing that freedom, equality and justice can be compromised by bigotry, racism and inhumanity to one's fellow man.

C. JEFFORD M. BLACK
Columbus

Sir / I'm from the South (Florida) and am amazed at all the people I've met in the North who favor Mr. Wallace for President. Your story depicts a character straight out of Tennessee Williams. As for me, I don't want my President to be a Big Daddy in the White House. I hope he lost the Women's Libbers' vote with that quote about matching ties being a "woman's job." When Lurleen was Governor he thought *that* was a woman's job.

KAYE M. BOOGES
Nashua, N.H.

Busing

Sir / I fail to understand the argument about the need for neighborhood schools that is used by those opposed to busing [March 27]. The irony of the whole situation is that we have destroyed neighborhoods all across America. For example, rather than supporting the neighborhood Mom and Pop stores, we have driven miles out of our neighborhoods to shop at supermarts. We don't attend cultural events in our neighborhood but drive out of the neighborhood for entertainment. We are also the people who destroyed the neighborhoods by getting into our trucks, buses and cars and moving. With this new non-neighborhood approach to life, might it not be better if our children are bussed across town so that they will learn about adapting to a mobile society? In fact, forcing children to stay in their own neighborhoods to attend school might actually hinder their development and their ability to adapt to being well-rounded adults on wheels.

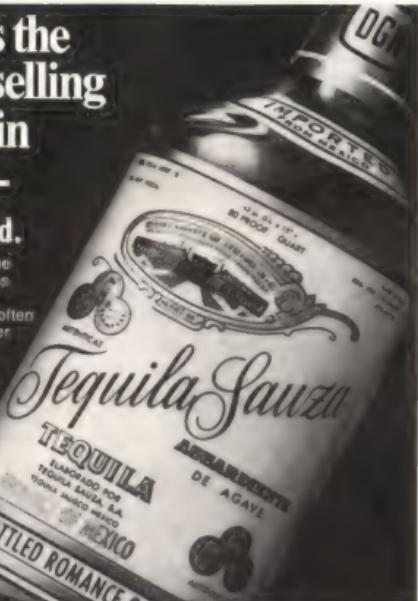
LEROY GOERTZ
Florence, Ore.

Sir / For me the unhappiest part of the President's school proposals was their sequence. Had he but placed his recommendations for increased aid to schools first and the call for a busing moratorium second, we might have felt that it was deprived schoolchildren and their education that he truly cared about. As if

Sauza is the largest-selling Tequila in Mexico—and the world.

At last you can get the Tequila that Mexicans prefer. They choose Tequila Sauza more often than they do any other Tequila made.

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza distillery in Guadalajara.



Tequila Sauza 80 proof. Sole Dist. U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

Minnesota

The North Woods of Minnesota lie only a short drive and a century away from Minneapolis and St. Paul, yet by simply being there they contribute to making the Twin Cities among the most inviting and livable cities in the country."

People work better here...because they live better here. There's a place to get away, and when they come back, they work. Minnesota...a stable, productive, well-adjusted work force that means profit for you.

(Quoted from an article in "Western's World")

FACTS IN 48 HOURS

STATE OF MINNESOTA Dept. of Economic Development
Industrial Development Division, Suite 178
51 E. 8th Street, St. Paul, Minn. 55101

I'm interested in Minnesota. Send me facts

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All inquiries held in strict confidence

It's good to be in Minnesota

Listen to what you've been missing in cassette sound.

You'll hear sound you may never have heard before. Brilliant highs and rich lows. Both beautifully balanced in one great cassette.

You need both highs and lows because all music contains both. High frequencies provide "life" and presence. Low frequencies add fullness and depth. And unless your cassette can deliver them in proper balance, the sound that comes out simply can't be as great as the sound you put in.

"Scotch" sound experts know this. So we've developed a tape cassette significantly superior, across both frequencies, to any other cassette we've ever made. And any we've listened to. We call it High Energy.

High Energy will perform superbly on any cassette recorder, no matter how much you paid for it. Or how little.

Without special switches or adjustments of any kind. You'll get the great sound you've been missing—with "Scotch" Brand High Energy Cassettes.

Bonus offer: Purchase five "Scotch" High Energy Cassettes, remove the coupons (there's one in each cassette box) and send them to 3M. We'll send you one free C-90 High Energy Cassette. Offer ends midnight June 30, 1972.

"Scotch" is a registered trademark of 3M Co.



Behind a great sound,
there's a great cassette.
"Scotch" High Energy.



TWA INTRODUCES SENSIBLE WAY TO TAKE A TWA'S NEW AMBA

For years business travelers have been asking the airlines for a new type of short business flight.

A combination of commuter-like efficiency and transcontinental-type luxury.

Now, TWA introduces Ambassador Express:



IF YOU'RE LATE, YOU CAN BUY YOUR TICKET RIGHT AT THE GATE.

If you don't have time to get your ticket in advance from either TWA or one of our travel agents, you can buy it right at the departure gate.



CARRY ON YOUR LUGGAGE.

Soon, for the first time, you'll have the option of bringing your bags right on the plane with you or checking them at curbside. In either case you can go directly to the departure gate.



WE'RE PUTTING NEW LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS RIGHT ON THE PLANE.

In the coming months we'll be putting new luggage compartments on nearly every one of our Ambassador Express flights. They're big enough to hold even full size suitcases.



YOU CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN A FULL MEAL OR A LIGHT SNACK.

On meal flights to most Ambassador Express destinations, you'll be served either a full meal, such as steak or chicken, or just a light snack, such as a sandwich or quiche lorraine.

TWA's AMBASSADOR EXPRESS TO NEW YORK, WASHINGTON,

THE FIRST SANE, SHORT BUSINESS FLIGHT. AMBASSADOR EXPRESS.



YOU GET THE COMFORT OF TWA'S NEW INTERIORS.

We're redoing the interiors on our Ambassador Express Flights. By midsummer all planes will be completed.

You'll find bigger and more comfortable seats in first class, and in coach you'll find our new Twin Seat. If the plane's not full, it can be 3 across, 2 across or even a couch.



1ST CLASS



**TWA's NEW AMBASSADOR EXPRESS.
SERVICE BEGINS APRIL 15th,
ALL AIRPLANE INTERIORS COMPLETED
BY MIDSUMMER.**



OUT AND BACK THE SAME DAY.

To all Ambassador Express destinations, we've set up our schedules to make it convenient for you to leave in the morning, have a business meeting, and return the same day.

TWA is introducing Ambassador Express on over 250 flights a day in 16 cities across the country.

From Chicago you can take TWA's Ambassador Express to New York, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Denver, Kansas City, Columbus and Dayton.

TWA's Ambassador Express is what thousands of business travelers have always wanted, expected and deserved from a short business flight.

TWA's Ambassador Express. The sane, sensible way to go.



BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, DENVER AND MIDWEST CITIES.



Bahamas Goombay Summer '72. June 4th to September 10th.

This summer, come to a different kind of summer. It's sun, sand, sea, casinos and more. Much more. It's all the fun you've been looking for. And all you have to do is decide what to do first!

Goombay Parade! Goombay is the Bahamas' own rhythm, punctuated by the beat of goatskin drums. In Nassau and Freeport, we've taken Goombay and danced a parade around it. You'll see Bahamian jump-in dancers in the colours of Goombay—and before you know it—you're joining them—right in the street!

Pomp and Circumstance! The world-famous, 32-piece Royal Bahamas Police Force Band gives a dazzling display of music and footwork as it performs from a selection of traditional ceremonies. In Nassau and Freeport!

Shoppers' Mall! Both Nassau and Freeport are having special shopping nights with special discounts on things from all over the world. And all around you are strolling musicians. Balloons. Lights. And vendors selling such Bahamian delicacies as conch fritters. Soursop ice cream. Jelly coconuts. Just delicious!

Surprises! Everywhere you look there's something more to do! There's an enchanting Folklore Show, where a people proud of their heritage take you through their history in music and dance. Exhibits by young Bahamian artists. Fashion shows. Celebrities. Nightclub Nights. Pied Piper Tours for children.

In Nassau, during Poinciana June, there are tours through beautiful private gardens. In August, there's a festival at Jumbey Village, an authentic reconstruction of an Out Island village of long ago. In Freeport, Beach Safaris. And polo matches every weekend.

The Out Islands are into Goombay Summer with celebrations of their own. It's all on a smaller scale, but it's just as much fun, and it may be the kind of fun for you!

Goombay Vacations are Low-priced! The biggest surprise of all is how little it costs to come to Bahamas Goombay Summer. There are all kinds of package vacations available with special rates and attractions at our hotels. So today, see your travel agent, and come and see us. We promise you'll come back for more!

Was there ever a better time to have a good time?

Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131

"You can do business in any economy, if you work at it hard enough."



Anthony J. Peters
President

There are many reasons for Cushman & Wakefield's growth in the Midwest to a position of leadership in every phase of commercial and industrial real estate, including building management. But the statement quoted above goes straight to the heart of the matter: Business won't come to you—you've got to go after it. And when men are willing to work at it hard enough, they will create new business—under any economic circumstances.

In fact, it's been our experience that the more difficult the going gets, the more our clients benefit from Cushman & Wakefield's depth of experience, know-how, creativity and contacts. This philosophy explains why Cushman & Wakefield was selected to serve as project consultant, renting and managing agent for Sears Tower in Chicago and for Detroit's Executive Plaza building. Why we were the broker in one of the largest single office leases ever signed—Chase Manhattan's \$200-million

lease at 1 New York Plaza. And why we were chosen to serve as project developer and leasing and managing agent for the ARCO Plaza building in Los Angeles.

Today, in the Midwest and nationwide, Cushman & Wakefield is a leader in developing, consulting, leasing, managing, sales brokerage, office building operation, office planning, site selecting, insurance and appraisal. If you have a question or problem in any of these areas, see the men who know. The men at Cushman & Wakefield.

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Photographed at the original Grant distillery in Dufftown, Scotland.



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LETTERS

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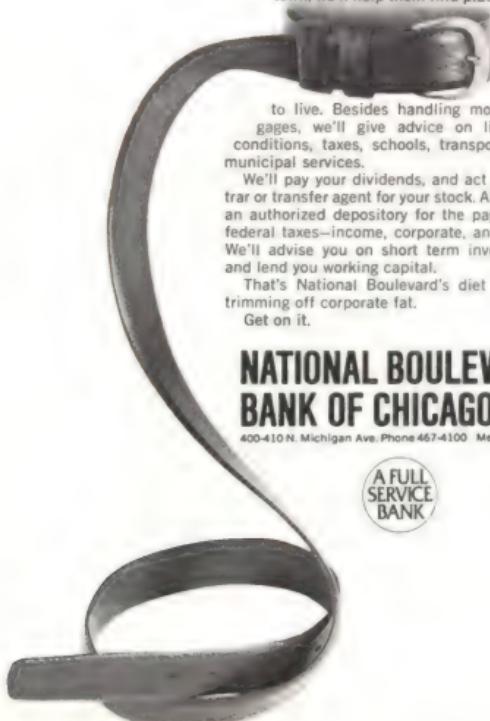
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that if Shirley Chisholm had been a man, the first black political caucus would have supported the first black political candidate for presidential nominee?

EIZABETH CITTDINE
Chicago

Aborigines

Sir / I realize that many Americans revere the shortened word form, but unfortunately the word "Abos," referring to Australia's Aboriginal Embassy [March 13], is received by Australian aborigines with about the same amount of enthusiasm as the word nigger or coon by Negro people.

In fact, even the word aborigine has overtones of European paternalism; many of Australia's dark people prefer their own traditional term, "Koori."

PETER MCLAREN
Croydon Park, Australia

Women

Sir / TIME in its issue on American women [March 20] made me sound like Shirley Temple! I am not really against exploring depravity. I understand it's terrific both on- and off-screen and can be done by either sex.

ELIANOR PERRY
New York City

Sir / Tell Reader Carol Keough to fret no longer about discrimination appearing in math problems. Women's Lib is showing up at the college level. Here is the kind of math homework my son struggles with:

A class consists of ten students, of whom four are girls; three of the girls are married to three of the five married fellows in the class. They all spend an evening at a motel, which has two rooms of two single beds each and two rooms of three single beds each. Assuming that only one sex occupies any room except for mar-

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MAIL TO: TIME
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The tormented taxpayer's guide to Europe.

Buck up! Here are seven ways to stretch a small vacation budget when your trip starts with a 747 flight nonstop from Chicago to KLM's Surprising Amsterdam.

Ouch! If your paycheck looks smaller this year, it's because Federal withholding deductions were increased. If you own a home, the real estate taxes you pay are probably up. Even your cigarette tax has gone up five cents a pack.

Buck up, friend! You can afford Europe this year. This ad will show you how to do it — if your trip starts in KLM's Surprising Amsterdam.

1. Frugal flying. If you can get away for 22 to 45 days, reliable KLM will fly you round trip via 747 nonstop from Chicago to Amsterdam for \$320.* Or KLM will give you airfare, plus hotels for two weeks in Amsterdam, London and Paris, plus breakfast each morning, plus theater tickets — all for just \$460.† So without too much pain you've paid the fare.

2. Bedding down frugally. Back in the U.S.A., a decent double motel room alongside a highway can easily cost \$18 per night. Here in Amsterdam, a charming double room, in a hotel alongside a peaceful canal, with a view of house-boats bobbing in the water, can cost \$9 or less, breakfast included. And the room is spotlessly clean.

3. Making friends frugally. Amsterdam's social life revolves around its small, cozy, very



lively pubs where *genever* gin sells for about 35 cents a glass. Whether you're young or old, hip or square, you're bound to rub elbows with a Dutch citizen rather like yourself. (About 90 percent of the Dutch speak surprisingly good English.)

4. Free decorating ideas. The Dutch go to lavish pains to decorate their homes — and then leave their curtains wide open. Stroll down any residential street in Amsterdam and you'll see not only what Mr. Smet is having for dinner — but also some

clever things to do with hanging plants, antique clocks, potted tulips, old oak tables, ultramodern wall fixtures and a funny lamp like the one you got from Aunt Martha.

5. Free beer. The Dutch make a noble, golden, creamy-headed beer. To prove it, you can take an educational tour of Amsterdam's Heineken brewery — and enjoy generous samples of the product.

6. Thrifty ways to tour. Your arrival in Amsterdam can be the beginning of a dandy tour. Sample KLM tours: Amsterdam, plus 1800 kilometers of second-class (or 1200 kilometers of

first-class) train travel, plus airfare costs \$460‡ for two weeks. Or you can take the whole family on a camping tour of Europe — Amsterdam plus a Volkswagen camper — for \$573† per person. Or there's the rock-bottom Europe on \$5 a day. Pay the airfare and then \$5 to \$8 a day for no-frill hotel room, breakfast and a tour in any or all of 50 cities.

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Life at The Streams: country living, with a flavor all its own.

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Some of the comfortable, country-quiet condominiums are in place, and occupied. And others are coming.

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A house of your own, on its own generous plot of land? There are many to choose from.

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An attached house, free on three sides, with minimum common wall? With full maintenance, plus all the advantages of home ownership? They are on their way.

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It isn't for everyone. It has never tried to be. It is for those who want the charm and peace of the country, blended with the warmth of a new kind of family community.

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ried couples, who may but do not have to share a double, in how many ways can the students distribute themselves in the rooms?

ANITA LANE KAISER
Indianapolis

Sir / It simply does not automatically follow that where the target enrollment for women is set lower than that for men that "women therefore need higher grades than men to gain admission to college." This may or may not be true in given instances; in the case of Stanford, which you cited, it is not true. Our present enrollment target of 550 women and 900 men in a freshman class is not significantly unrepresentative of the ratio of women to men applicants for admission (1 to 2) in recent years. Moreover, while the women applicants are every bit as academically qualified as the men applicants, it is simply not the case that the women are more qualified academically.

In fact, a university committee studying the possibility of increasing the enrollment of women undergraduates at Stanford concluded that had academic criteria alone been used to admit the class (without regard to sex), eleven more men and eleven fewer women would have been admitted.

FRED A. MARGADON
Dean of Admissions
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

Teachers

Sir / In your article in the Economy section [March 13], you say that "Teachers, government clerks and other civil servants in the past struck a tacit bargain under which they accepted relatively low pay in return for easy work, short hours, job security and relatively high pensions."

In private industry today, easy work, short hours, job security and relatively high pensions have become characteristics. Job security in teaching, however, has all but disappeared. The nature of teaching in overcrowded, underequipped, urban-suburban and consolidated rural schools, the continued dependence of local boards of education on curriculums that are momentarily irrelevant to the students, the pressures of diverse groups to make schools attentive to their separate needs, and the continuing invasion of drugs and acts of violence—all these make teaching today a hazardous and unpredictable career. They explain the demands by teachers for a level of compensation and benefits that provide them with more than the genteel poverty so characteristic of an earlier era.

DAVID E. ENGLAND
Executive Director
Teachers' Association of Baltimore
County, Inc.
Towson, Md.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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On the official entry blank or a facsimile, predict Lee Trevino's total 72-hole score in the '72 U.S. Open, to be held June 15-18.

Enclose an end flap from a Faultless Computer Blend® golf ball package (or a facsimile) or the registration number from any model of Faultless golf clubs. No purchase is necessary.

After reading the contest rules carefully, mail your entry to the address on the entry form. Then get set to enjoy the '72 U.S. Open.

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CONTEST RULES

- No purchase necessary.
- All entries must be postmarked by June 15, 1972, and received by the judging firm by June 12. Entries received after June 12 are not eligible. Mail each entry separately. Only one winner per person per household.
- Prizes will be awarded on the basis of a drawing from among those entries with Lee Trevino's correct 72-hole score for the '72 U.S. Open. Should there be insufficient correct entries, or should no correct entries be received, a second drawing will be held to award the balance of prizes from among all entries received. All prizes will be awarded.
- In the event that Lee Trevino should not play in the 1972 U.S. Open—for whatever reason—all entries become eligible for all prizes. If Lee should not make the 36 hole cut, or be injured, or withdraw during play, or be disqualified, all entries become eligible for all prizes. In such instances, the '72 Dodge Charger Topper X then becomes the sole First Prize.
- The Golf Professional, Assistant Professional or Retailer whose name appears on the First Prize winner's entry form will also receive a check from Faultless matching Lee Trevino's winnings, plus a '72 Dodge Charger Topper X—guaranteed minimum, regardless of how much Trevino wins.
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- Employees of Faultless Golf Products and other divisions of the parent corporation, Abbott Laboratories, its agents, advertising agencies and representatives are ineligible to win.
- Local, state and federal taxes are the responsibility of the winners.
- Contest subject to federal, state and local laws. Void where prohibited.

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My golf course: Professional's Name (Or where you buy Faultless Golf Products.)

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 17, 1972 Vol. 99, No. 16



IN A CLOUD OF CATAPOUL STEAM, A U.S. JET READIES TO ATTACK VIET NAM

2011-2023年

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Again the War

For President Nixon, the attack by North Viet Nam on the South—long predicted but still a shock when it came with full force—is a fearful recrudescence. Once again the skies of Southeast Asia are full of U.S. planes raining bombs, once again TV screens are filled with images of frightened refugees fleeing the shells and bullets of both sides.

The resumption of full-scale warfare (see *THE WORLD*) poses new hazards for the President's re-election. Having spent the last several years assuring the public that his government would Vietnamize the war and withdraw, Nixon felt obliged to renew the air war against the North Vietnamese to contain their attack. Though the initial stage of the Communist thrust was a tactical success, so far the South Vietnamese have held fairly firm. If they continue to do so, Vietnamization will be proved and Nixon's policy vindicated—to his benefit in November.

But if they do not, there looms the shadow of the dilemma that undid Johnson in 1968: Nixon cannot defeat the invasion by intensifying the ground war, yet he dare not wholly retreat and thus recant on his pledges. So, once more, the next President of the U.S. may owe his job to events in a tiny, alien land 10,000 miles from Washington.

Service Returned

"When the flowers are in bloom," Chou En-lai promised. Sure as spring, the Red Chinese returned the first service of Ping Pong diplomacy by dispatching its world champion table tennis team to the U.S. Scheduled to begin a nine-city tour in Detroit this week,

the team first journeyed to Canada, where it defeated the local talent with Oriental restraint. The Chinese youngsters also showed a keen sense of diplomacy away from their paddles. As their bus pulled up to an Ottawa hotel, the team started onlookers by bursting into a chorus of *Alouette*.

It is hoped that the U.S. tour will proceed in an equally amiable atmosphere. The White House is keeping an anxious watch on events and is arranging for careful security. The team will make standard visits to New York City, Washington and San Francisco, as well as to some slightly more offbeat places, including Memphis and Huntsville, Ala. They are even slated to see California's Disneyland, where, so far, no attempts have been made to supplement Main Street, U.S.A. with the Great Wall, or the pirate ride with the Cultural Revolution. One of the signs of how far U.S.-Chinese relations have moved since the first ping is that, very largely, the team's visit is just a sports event.

The Price of Paranoia

A champion cliché word in the contemporary lexicon is paranoia. Like most clichés, it gained its currency from actual conditions. A tragic example is an incident that took place in a Chicago supermarket parking lot. David Munoz, 10, earned soda-pop and movie money by carrying grocery bags to customers' cars. As he was crossing the parking area carrying loaded bags, he passed an armored truck. Inside was a guard, Ronald Brannan, who was waiting for his partner to pick up the supermarket receipts.

Whether or not Munoz accidentally bumped into the truck will probably never be known. Brannan poked his re-

volver through a porthole, the weapon discharged, and the bullet pierced Munoz's lung. The boy ran into the store, crying. "I've been shot from the truck," and collapsed. Brannan told his boss, President Robert Wilson of the Armored Express Corp., that he and his partner were being harassed by several teen-agers, that he stuck the revolver through the porthole to warn them off, and that the gun fired accidentally. Munoz died two days later, a casualty of fear—or paranoia.

Woodstock's Last Gasp?

Woodstock created the cosmic-scale rock festival; Altamont butchered it and *Mary Sol* may have killed it. Some 30,000 youths in regimental heads and headbands set out for Puerto Rico during Easter Holy Week for a bash thrown by the tireless festival promoter, Atlanta's Alex Cooley. For their \$149 they got hopelessly inadequate transportation, a generally tepid show, exorbitant concession prices, scant drinking water, little emergency medical care, poor sanitary conditions and the tragedy of four deaths, one of them violent.

The first sour notes of *Mary Sol* (Sea and Sun) were struck in the airports of New York, Boston and other cities, where the charter flights could not accommodate the tribes of ticket holders. Once there, they were harassed by the scorching sun, poison ivy and vourous, but the kids remained largely cheerful throughout the festival, waiting in long lines for food, water and toilets. They stripped down and took to the sea, which in turn claimed three lives (two of them Puerto Rican). Although there was less evidence of drugs than usual at youth festivals, one youth was knifed to death, reportedly while peddling mescaline.

A Message of Discontent from Wisconsin

LIKE some metaphysical lottery, with hazards of sudden political death or prizes of resurrection, the American primary system ramshackled through Wisconsin last week to the end of its first phase—and a pause before the next series, starting April 25, in such crucial industrial states as Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. The Wisconsin primary left the eventual outcome of the long spring campaign more enigmatic than ever, but some of the election results were startling:

► George McGovern, hitherto regarded as a one-issue antiwar champion of the liberal-left, exploited his own superb organization in the state, tapped deep wells of economic discontent and, by winning a 30% plurality, transformed himself at last into a major candidate. In Wisconsin his support was astonishingly broad, bracketing liberals, conservatives, blue-collar workers, farmers, suburbanites and the young.

► George Wallace, with the help of 35% of the G.O.P. voters who crossed over to vote Democratic, similarly appealed to a restive mood of "the little man." Although he campaigned for only eight days in Wisconsin, Wallace came in second, with 22% of the vote. Adding the Wallace and McGovern totals, 52% of the voters cast ballots for anti-Establishment candidates.

► Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, who had counted on his longtime popularity in neighboring Wisconsin to catapult him into the Democratic lead, came in third, with 21%. It was a serious, though by no means fatal blow for Humphrey, who has yet to win a presidential primary.

► Edmund Muskie, limping into fourth place with only 10% of the vote, was the real loser. Once regarded as the front runner, Muskie's defeats in Florida and Wisconsin have deflated his "trust and confidence" campaign. In an almost breathtaking descent (*see story, page 20*), Muskie in a matter of weeks has become merely another contender.

At least one candidate did not survive Wisconsin at all. New York Mayor John Lindsay, with a dismal 7% showing on top of his 7% in Florida, declared himself out of the race. A Muskie aide who had earlier called Lindsay "the wild card in this campaign" remarked last week: "He turned out to be a deuce." Washington Senator Henry Jackson, who won 8% in Wisconsin, remained the darkest of horses, suffering from a massive problem of nonrecognition: on primary day last week, his workers were still distributing a leaflet headlined "WHO IS SENATOR JACKSON?"

On the Republican ballot, Richard Nixon was opposed by Ohio's conservative Congressman John Ashbrook, who got 1% of the vote. California's lib-

eral Republican Congressman Paul McCloskey, who had already withdrawn from the race, also got 1%. The President scored 97%.

The Wisconsin campaign was a curious montage of political styles. With mod glasses and carefully darkened hair, 61-year-old Humphrey bounced through 19-hour days. "We can sleep next year," he told his workers. Everywhere, except among college students, he found deep affection, but the warmth did not always convert to votes. At times, his campaign savored of last hurrah. In Milwaukee, a woman wearing a McGovern button told H.H.H.: "We love you." "But you're voting for McGovern," replied Humphrey. Said the woman: "Yes, but we love Hubert Humphrey."

George Wallace planned only a minimal campaign in Wisconsin, where busing was not an issue, and he had virtually no organization. But when he sensed the crowd's mood at his first rally in Milwaukee on March 23, Wallace abruptly changed his schedule. Suddenly all his earlier explanations about "our inability to rent halls because of basketball games" became academic. Wallace sought his "little man" with eleven rallies in eight days and a flurry of local television interviews. He repeatedly brought up busing as "a philosophical issue." He complained that the other candidates were hornsing in on his populist issues: "I dig the bone up and throw it out there, and the big dogs grab it. I'm just a little dog from Alabama."

McGovern's television commercials confirmed the Wallace complaint. "If you want lower property taxes, you want George McGovern," said one. "It's as simple as that." But McGovern emphasized direct campaigning. In oblique reference to Lindsay's stylish and futile TV campaigns in Florida and Wisconsin, one McGovern press release claimed: "The day of the media candidate is over. People have stopped watching television commercials and started listening to details."

Top-Heavy. Despite his efforts to sharpen his stand on issues, Muskie failed to come across clearly on any topic. His organization, top-heavy with endorsements and contributors, never took root on the local levels where primaries are won. He failed to define a constituency.

The overall message from Wisconsin is of a contrary mood, an impatience with more traditional candidates and a deep undercurrent of economic dismay. Most specifically, Wisconsin signaled a massive discontent with taxes and inflation—the pocketbook issues that McGovern and Wallace hit the hardest. In a study for TIME, the attitude research firm of Daniel Yankelovich Inc. found that four of the five top issues that influenced Wisconsin voters were economic. The sixth was the Viet Nam War, and McGovern made that into an economic issue as well, emphasizing its continuing costs. According to the survey, 82% of those interviewed said that the Administration's wage and price policies are not working. Fifty-two percent called for overall tax reform, with 41% complaining about high prices and 36% about high unemployment.

McGovern and Wallace both hampered away on the issue of tax reform, of giving the "little taxpayer" and "the working man" a fairer break. They shared the rewards: well over half of McGovern's voters and almost two-thirds of Wallace's assailed tax loopholes. The issue cut across both party and ideological grounds, attracting liberals as well as conservatives, Republicans as well as Democrats.

The Yankelovich pollsters found a surprising degree of "second-choice" support for McGovern among the Wallace voters—support rooted in McGovern's broad anti-Establishment campaign. It was not that Wisconsin voters were running to ideological extremes at



WINNER GEORGE MCGOVERN
Tapping the wells.



GEORGE WALLACE & WIFE
Digging up bones.

the expense of centrist candidates, but rather that both McGovern and Wallace seem to have located an authentic area of concern that the other candidates failed to articulate. Significantly, the survey found that voters still saw Centrist Humphrey as the Democrat with the best chance to be nominated and, if nominated, to beat Nixon.

According to the TIME Yankelovich survey, McGovern trailed both

Wallace and Humphrey among blue-collar workers and union members, but he still got 25% of their votes. More than any other, McGovern came through as "someone you can trust." Improbably, he won the Fourth Congressional District, on the blue-collar and ethnic south side of Milwaukee, with the largest concentration of Poles in the state. Muskie, who had emphasized his Polish ancestry, finished fourth.

Cross-Overs. Wallace and McGovern worked the same vein of economic distress, but the McGovern vote was moderate-liberal, according to the survey, while the Wallace vote was essentially moderate-conservative. McGovern fared well with young voters (47%); Wallace did poorly. The final results were complicated, of course, by the fact that 26% of the votes cast in the Democratic primary came from Republicans and Independents. The cross-overs cost Humphrey a second-place finish, since most of them went to Wallace. Yankelevich found, however, that most of the cross-overs came not as spoilers but as voters anxious to make their views known on the economy and other issues.

Wisconsin served to prolong and compound the suspense of the race. It established the major Democratic theme—a profound economic disgruntlement—but not a party leader. "It's kind of a scramble now," Humphrey said last week. Coming out of Wisconsin, Muskie still led in committed dele-



HUBERT HUMPHREY CAMPAIGNING
Sleep next year.

gate votes, with 9%. McGovern, gaining 54 in Wisconsin, had a total of 891, trailed by Wallace with 75 and Humphrey with 19. With the delegate-rich primaries in Pennsylvania (182), Massachusetts (102), New York (278) and California (271) still to come, all the candidates are still far from the 1,509 needed for nomination in Miami Beach.

For the moment, Wisconsin seemed to have reduced it to a three-man con-

The Poll of Polls

TIME Senior Correspondent John Steele is assessing the performance of professional pollsters in this election year. His observations on Wisconsin:

SENATOR George McGovern's smashing victory in the Wisconsin primary election hoisted two important signals for politicians, as far as the polls are concerned.

► An underdog presidential candidate need not become disheartened even though he runs far behind the leaders in the national public-opinion polls. Often such polls bear no resemblance at all to the outcome of individual state primaries.

► There is no bandwagon psychology in national polls when it comes to state primaries. If there had been one in Wisconsin, McGovern would have run far behind Senators Edmund Muskie and Hubert Humphrey, and he would have trailed Governor George Wallace as well.

In McGovern's case, his performance in the national polls since the announcement of his candidacy 15 months ago has been downright dismal. The Gallup organization, in all of its national soundings, has shown McGovern running between a minuscule 3% and 6% when pitted against his rivals for the nomination. Indeed, until December the Gallup poll did not even pit McGovern in head-to-head polls with President Nixon and Wallace on the grounds that the voters' awareness of his candidacy was so low that no realistic appraisal of his strength was obtainable. Louis Harris polls show a quite similar finding, placing McGovern with only 7% of Democratic and independent preferences.

Wallace, too, runs far behind his Florida primary victory and his strong Wisconsin showing in the national polls to date. Muskie topped the national lists until last month, when he fell behind Humphrey in the Gallup poll.

Graham Bright of the Harris organization emphasizes that Wisconsin and the three other state primaries now completed do not represent "a microcosm of the whole country." He cites the factor of heavy Republican cross-over voting in the Wisconsin Democratic contest, mostly for Wallace and McGovern. Such a cross-over is not reflected in Harris polls, since only Democratic and independent voters are tabulated. Similar polls taken by Gallup are limited to Democrats alone.

Oliver Quayle, who did extensive private polling in Wisconsin, caught the McGovern trend there. His surveys found McGovern steadily climbing from a disheartening 9% in January to a respectable 19% in early March and, by late March, to a winning margin of 28% in the twelve-candidate field. McGovern actually took 30% of the vote. In a hot-tailed telephone survey taken ten days before for the state AFL-CIO organization, Quayle was less successful in catching the Wallace surge.

"The national figures might make sense—nationally," Quayle explains. "McGovern has campaigned intensively only in a few states thus far. Suddenly the people of Wisconsin got to know him. But what's that got to do with Nebraska, Idaho and other states? Muskie and Humphrey run well in the national polls not necessarily because they are strong, but because they are better known. That's McGovern's problem." Quayle believes it likely that the national polls will soon reflect a McGovern upturn. That would mean a reverse bandwagon effect, with the national polls following the primary results.

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test among Muskie, Humphrey and McGovern. Although McGovern now ranks as a heavyweight contender, he must still establish that Wisconsin was not a fluke in which the candidate was secondary to the issues. McGovern displayed surprising strength among labor's rank and file in Wisconsin, but his comparative radicalism and long anti-war record have earned him the hostility of many labor leaders as well as Democratic professionals. If McGovern begins to seem a serious threat, many of the regulars might mount a counterattack in favor of Humphrey. Some Democrats fear that a McGovern candidacy might be the equivalent of Barry Goldwater's campaign in 1964—an ideological debacle—and they are already poor-mouthing his victory on the grounds that his excellent Wisconsin organization and Republican cross-over votes distorted the natural outcome.

Scenarios. "These primaries," said McGovern last week, "are going to go from state to state, from battle to battle." His most optimistic scenario now is to win Massachusetts, where his liberal following is strong, on April 25, then Nebraska on May 9, run well enough (meaning third behind Humphrey and Wallace) in Michigan on May 16 and then go on to take Oregon, California and New York.

For Humphrey and Muskie, April 25 will be critical. That is the date of both the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania primaries. Humphrey, badly needing a victory, will count on his support among organized labor for a win in Pennsylvania. Despite Wisconsin, Humphrey's camp insists that McGovern is not really a factor—"This is a race between Humphrey and Muskie." McGovern's advisers, meantime, regard Muskie as a political corpse, seeing the race as a head-on collision between McGovern and Humphrey.

Muskie had planned to run in Pennsylvania against Humphrey and in Massachusetts against McGovern, to regain momentum. Last week, however, his advisers were discussing a stop-Humphrey ploy with McGovern's forces—Muskie would concentrate on winning in Pennsylvania while leaving Massachusetts to McGovern.

With each future contest, the political equation will change and the pressures increase. It is now highly likely that after all the bloodshed of the primaries, no one will go to Miami Beach with a lock on the nomination. If so, it will be a fascinating week in July. A deadlock would probably eliminate McGovern as too leftward and experimental, even though that might provoke a fourth-party rebellion. Humphrey might also be unacceptable: "too much like 1968 . . . a loser's image." That might leave Muskie as a "reconciliation" candidate. Or it is possible, as some politicians have already begun to fantasize, that stalemate delegates from all factions of the party will send up a cry from the floor: "Kennedy! Kennedy!"

Success at Last for George

I believe the people of this country are tired of the old rhetoric, the unmet promise, the image makers and the practitioners of the expedient. The people are not centrist or liberal or conservative. Rather, they seek a way out of the wilderness.

SO said Senator George McGovern as he officially hit the campaign trail 15 long months ago—and all but disappeared into the political wilderness. As the earliest declared candidate for the presidential nomination in recent memory, he had a plan: challenge Edmund Muskie before he built up an insurmountable lead, go all out to make a credible showing in the New Hampshire primary, and then, gathering momentum, overtake the field in Wisconsin.

Calling for an end to the war. Though unsuccessful, the legislation occasioned a rare flash of fire from the quiet man. "Every Senator in this chamber is partly responsible for sending 50,000 young Americans to an early grave," McGovern fumed. "This chamber reeks of blood!" When Robert Kennedy was assassinated, McGovern sought to keep Bobby's antiwar supporters together by entering the race in his stead less than three weeks before the 1968 convention. Though he polled only 146 of the 2,622 delegate votes, the effort gave McGovern the presidential bug.

The candidate of 1972 has changed little; he is still the personable but plodding campaigner. McGovern's success is a combination of his persistence and a new, high-powered, appealingly un-

SETTLE—THE NEW YORK TIMES



McGOVERN WISCONSIN CAMPAIGN MANAGER GENE POKORY IN MILWAUKEE
The strategy no longer looks dreamy or doomed.



Back then, his strategy seemed dreamy, if not downright doomed. Few political leaders took his candidacy seriously, dismissing him as a self-appointed "conscience of the party" or a "stalking horse" for Ted Kennedy.

The Margin. The professional polls had clearly underestimated George Stanley McGovern, 49, child of the plains, minister's son, college-debate champion, World War II bomber pilot, former history professor, father of five and, according to Robert Kennedy, the "most decent man in the Senate." Decency and doggedness—traits that served him well when he first ran for Congress in 1956, traveling the dusty side roads for one-to-one meetings in farmhouses and general stores. Taken singly, the encounters were insignificant; taken together, they meant the margin of victory. Recalls Journalist Hari Andersen, who covered the campaign for the Associated Press: "George only builds a stone at a time. After a while, though, it begins to show up." In 1962 he moved on to the Senate, winning a seat by only 597 votes.

One of the earliest and most persistent antiwar Senators, McGovern began building a small but strong following with his co-sponsorship of the 1968 McGovern-Hatfield resolution

professional organization. Without the aggressiveness of Bobby Kennedy or the aloofness of Eugene McCarthy, McGovern has forged a coalition of followers from both camps. On one flank are such "Kennedy men" as Advisers John Kenneth Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., former Kennedy Press Secretaries Pierre Salinger and Frank Mankiewicz, Writers Richard Goodwin and Adam Walinsky (His principal financial contributors are Max Palevsky, chairman of the Xerox Executive Committee, and Henry Kimelman, board chairman of West Indies Corp.) On the other are legions of young staffers and student volunteers bristling with go-for-George enthusiasm. The spectacle of the old Kennedy pros followed by McGovern's young crusaders, says Eugene McCarthy, "is like German officers leading Irish troops."

Index Cards. But they march well together. Typical of McGovern's young minions is Gene Pokory, 26, a scholarly Nebraskan who, says Campaign Manager Gary Hart, has "the mind of a revolutionist in the body of Henry Aldrich." Dispatched to Wisconsin a year ago on a salary of \$200 a month, he tirelessly crisscrossed the state with clipboard and index cards in hand, organizing and opening 39 McGovern

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headquarters. When it was discovered that voting day fell during campus spring vacations, Pokorny ran forms in student newspapers which could be exchanged for absentee ballots. By election day an estimated 70% of the students cast their votes for McGovern and the number of workers had grown from 80 to 10,000.

McGovern, say staffers, is no softie, despite his easygoing ways. "He's a classic Clark Kent," says Aide Ted Van Dyk. "All calmness on the outside—serene—but when crisis strikes, it's into the phone booth." He has other useful traits as well. Accused at a University of Wisconsin rally of being a warmon-

ger for voting for passage of the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, McGovern did not turn peevish as Muskie has done in the face of similar baiting. Instead, McGovern asked that those who believed the charge raise their hands; when less than six hands shot up, McGovern moved on to other matters. He has successfully overcome his image as a one-issue peace candidate by promoting his stands on income distribution, tax reform and decreased defense spending. McGovern projects simplicity, honesty and candor. He remains confident despite the many Democratic leaders who still dismiss his candidacy. Meanwhile, stone by stone, George moves on.

ble, and the entire strategy was shattered. Democratic voters showed that in primaries, at least, they were not all that concerned about finding a contrast with Nixon. They were not looking for a unifier and mollifier. They were in a balky, grumpy mood. They wanted specific answers to specific problems that plagued them. They were more interested in voting *against* the status quo, and men like George McGovern and George Wallace seemed to offer that chance to protest.

Moreover Muskie hurt his own image as the judicious, controlled candidate by sobbing in the snows of New Hampshire, ironically at the very time that Nixon in Peking was acting as the healer of international passions. This outburst was partly the result of Muskie's emotional and physical fatigue. Trying to be all things to all people, and torn by his commitments to so many primary campaigns, he lost his sense of direction, creating doubts about his ability to stand up under pressure.

Fed Up. Muskie's overconfident staff had also erred badly in ignoring grass-roots organizational work. In a primary, voters have to be coaxed to go to the polls and persuaded to select a particular name out of a crowded field. In New Hampshire, the Muskie camp had to send out-of-state organizers in at the last minute to get out a favorable vote.

Muskie now concedes that entering the Florida primary was a mistake; once Wallace had entered, he should have known it was hopeless and avoided that first big blow to his front-running status. He relied heavily for support in Florida upon its Democratic state legislators—but they were tied down by their duties in Tallahassee and were of little help.

Muskie came out of his Florida defeat in new fighting mood. He tackled specific issues, such as taxes and the economy, and began berating his competitors. Yet the turnaround gave Muskie the impression of a man lashing out in desperation, seeking a new image.

Muskie's dilemma is painfully difficult. He has come across as a fuzzy Establishment kind of politician in a year when voters seem in revolt, and has been unable to put his brand on any issue that can attract that fed-up, turned-off voter. If he cannot beat such lesser-known Democrats, how can he be seen as the man to beat Nixon? "He's got to find the ways to tap the anger and frustration that people have about big government and big business," says Senator Tunney, one of his now-disillusioned supporters. "I know Muskie favors reform of institutions, but he hasn't been able to convey that." There is perhaps one consolation in all of the Muskie miscalculations so far. If the voters are as unpredictable as the early primaries indicate, similar troubles could lie ahead for the other candidates. Muskie may be no more finished now than he was a shoo-in in January.

What Happened to Muskie?

In just one month, Maine's Ed Muskie slipped from the position of the serene front runner to that of an embattled man on the verge of being knocked completely out of the race for his party's nomination for President. Before the plunge, much of the press (including TIME) and many politicians saw him as almost a certain first-ballot winner at the Democratic Convention in July. Now he could easily turn out to be what President Nixon derisively termed him after the 1970 Congressional elections: "the George Romney of the Democratic Party." What went wrong?

No single reason, or incident, can

ber Humphrey's running mate in 1968, and he exuded much more of a presidential aura than did his G.O.P. counterpart, Spiro Agnew. Yet few voters select a President primarily by looking at the vice presidential candidates, and Muskie's appeal was not really an issue in that election. Muskie was now recognized by most Democratic voters all right, but how did they really feel about him? No one could be sure.

Euphoric. Nevertheless, Muskie and his advisers almost euphorically accepted the pleasant notion that he was far ahead of the field—and they designed a campaign based on that assumption. He would speak cautiously, even vaguely, if need be, on most issues, so as not to antagonize any large blocs of voters. Ignoring his rivals for the nomination, he would campaign against the President. The essence of that campaign would be to portray Nixon as an excitable, expedient politician whose statements were rarely credible. By contrast, voters were urged to "trust Muskie," the man of integrity.

That strategy might have been sound if the premises had been right. Muskie at his best is far more inspiring than Nixon, who does have credibility problems and is unpredictable. Nixon had sounded shrill and unfair as he tried to link Democrats with crime, drugs and antiwar violence during the 1970 congressional campaigns, while Muskie on that election eve effectively deplored such tactics and appealed for a return to reason. Perhaps the voters did long for a calmer, lofier leader.

To further the bandwagon psychology, the Muskie strategists won endorsements from big names in the party: California Senator John Tunney, Ohio Governor John Gilligan, Illinois Senator Adlai Stevenson III, Iowa Senator Harold Hughes, Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp. Each new name made the nomination seem that much more inevitable. This was organizing the party drive from the top down, rather than from the bottom up.

Suddenly, the edifice began to crum-



Front runner.

be cited to explain Muskie's decline. There was, in fact, a whole series of mistakes made by political pros, journalists, Muskie strategists and Muskie himself. In the first place, he probably should never have been rated so far ahead. That status was based largely on the fact that national surveys showed him to be the Democrat with the best chance to defeat Nixon—but those polls do not translate into strength in state primaries (see box, page 18).

Yet that impression of Muskie's popularity had never really been tested in voting booths nationwide. Muskie had looked cool and impressive as Hu-

CRIME

Death of a Maverick Mafioso

THE scene could have been lifted right out of that movie. First, a night of champagne and laughter at Manhattan's Copacabana as Mobster Joseph ("Crazy Joe") Gallo, one of New York's most feared Mafiosi, celebrated his 43rd birthday. Then on to a predawn Italian breakfast at a gleaming new restaurant in the city's Little Italy area. Seated at his left at a rear table in Umberto's Clam House was his brawny bodyguard, Pete ("The Greek") Diopoulos; at Gallo's right, his sister Carmella. Across the table sat Gallo's darkly attractive bride of just three weeks, Sina, 29, and her daughter Lisa, 10. Quietly, a lone gunman stepped through a rear door and strode toward the table.

Both Gallo and Diopoulos were carelessly facing the wall instead of the door. The triggerman opened fire with a .38-caliber revolver. Women screamed. Joey and Pete were hit instantly. The Greek drew his own gun, began shooting back. So did one Gallo ally, seated at the front clam bar. Within 90 seconds, 20 shots ripped through the restaurant. Tables crashed over, hurling hot sauce and ketchup across the blue-tiled floor to mix with the blood of the wounded. The gunman whirled, ran out the same rear door and into a waiting car.

Gallo, wounded in a buttock, an elbow and his back, staggered toward the front of the café. He lurched through a front door and collapsed, bleeding, on the street. Carmella's screams attracted officers in a passing police car. They rushed Gallo to a hospital, but he died before reaching it.

Muscling. That melodramatic end to the short, brutal life of Joey Gallo surprised no one in New York's increasingly fratricidal underworld. There had been a contract out on his life ever since Mafia Boss Joe Colombo had been shot at an Italian Day party in New York last June (TIME cover, July 12). Police do not believe that Gallo plotted that murder attempt, but friends of Colombo, who remains unable to talk or walk, thought he had. Gallo had been counted among the walking dead ever since he also aroused the anger of the biggest boss of them all, aging Carlo Gambino. Told to stop muscling into Gambino's operations, including the lucrative narcotics traffic in East Harlem, the cocky Gallo hurled the ultimate Mafia insult at Gambino: he spat at him.

If that act seemed foolhardy, it was nevertheless typical of Gallo, who never had the sense to play by the rigid rules of the brotherhood. He grew up with his brothers Larry and Albert in Brooklyn's Bath Beach, where mobsters often dumped their victims. One of his neighbors recalled Joey as "the kind of guy who wanted to grow up to be George Raft. He would stand on the

corner when he was 15, flipping a half-dollar, and practice talking without moving his lips."

Joey first witnessed a gang murder in his early teens. After the victim was hauled away, he studied the scene, counted the bullet holes and took notes on how the killing must have been done. He began packing a pistol about the same time. Later, he affected the black shirt and white tie of Killer Richard Widmark in the movie *Kiss of Death*. He saw the movie so many times he knew all its lines. He spent hours in front of a mirror, trying to look as tough as Widmark—and he succeeded. He had a mercurial temper and acted out his movie fantasies as the cruellest of the Gallo brothers.

By the time Joey was 21, he was in trouble with the law, and a court-appointed psychiatrist found him insane. Other mobsters started calling him "Crazy Joe" but never to his face. He was too mean. Joey took pleasure in breaking the arm of one of his clients who was sluggish about paying protection money. He punctured an enemy with ice picks. He had gained his status by serving as one member (Colombo was another) of a five-man execution squad of Mafia Boss Joe Profaci in the late '50s. Police claim they had scored 40 hits. By then he and his brothers had carved out a chunk of the Brooklyn rackets; they turned against Profaci, touching off a gang war in which nine mobsters died and three disappeared.

Over the years, Gallo developed a wise-guy kind of humor that led some naive acquaintances to consider him a sort of folk hero. He was summoned to Robert Kennedy's office in 1959 when Kennedy was counsel to a Senate racketeering committee, looked at the rug and said, "Hey, this would be a great spot for a crap game." He once told a courtroom: "The cops say I've been picked up 15, maybe 17 times. That's junk. It was 150 times. I been worked over for nothing until my hat sits on my head like it belongs on a midget." Someone in 1961 overheard him trying to shake down a Brooklyn

restaurant owner for a share of the profits. The proprietor asked for time to think about it. "Sure," said Gallo, "take three months in the hospital on me."

That quip cost Gallo nine years for extortion. In Attica state prison, Gallo earned a reputation as a civil rights leader of sorts. He helped lead an inmate drive to force white prison barbers to cut the hair of blacks; he had his own hair cut by a black barber to show his lack of prejudice. Actually, his motive seemed to be to recruit black toughs for his gang. When he got out of prison in March of 1971, he began hiring blacks as "button men" (musclemen)—pricking the ethnic sensibilities of other Mafiosi. He had openly toured Little Italy with four black henchmen a few days before he was hit. Some officials think that may have hastened execution of the contract.

Hearty Hood. Gallo's defiance of Mafia tradition did not mark him as particularly savvy. Neither did his open claim that he was about to write his memoirs. Other gangsters do not appreciate such literature. There was, for example, a \$100,000 contract—for his death, not his papers—out on Joseph Valachi, who wrote in detail of his life with the Mob (he died of natural causes in prison). But Author Marta Curro, the wife of Actor Jerry Orbach, eagerly agreed to help write the book because she had discovered that Joey was "a great person, brilliant, absolutely charming" (see box, page 22).

It was at the Orbach apartment that Gallo married Sina Essary, a dental as-

MARTA ORBACH & GALLOS AT WEDDING



RESTAURANT IN LITTLE ITALY WHERE JOEY GALLO WAS SLAIN



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sistant he had met eleven years ago, before he went to jail. He and his first wife Jeffie Lee were divorced a few months ago. Joey and Sina, whose young daughter opened in the Broadway play *Voices* last week, soon became a part of the theatergoing, nightclubbing celebrity set. Crazy Joe, the killer, has become Pal Joey, the hearty hood. That, too, did not go down well with various godfathers.

Scripts. Gallo kept telling his newfound friends that he had gone straight. He told Celebrity Columnist Earl Wilson: "I'll never go back there—I think there is nothing out there for me but death." Police insist that Gallo was

gulling others: that he actually was as much involved in the rackets as ever.

The truth seems to be that Gallo was leading a schizophrenic life in those last days: a steel-tough gunman in racket circles; a philosophic, warm conversationalist outside the Mob. Whether he was really home in both roles, or just a good actor, he was clearly convincing. Actress Joan Hackett found him fascinating well before she knew of his Mafia connections. "I liked him completely apart from any grotesque glamorization of the underworld," she recalls. "I thought his attempt to leave that life was genuine. He was the brightest person I've ever known." But Gallo

also conceded that "I'll never make it in the straight world."

With the slaying of two other lesser mobsters in New York last week, full gang warfare seemed imminent. The new image of Mafiosi as soft-spoken, smart-dressing businessmen, who shun such crudities as murder and torture as old-fashioned, seemed to be fading. Perhaps the Mob was taking those gory movie scripts about itself too seriously. At any rate, it was exposing the cruelty and ruthlessness of racketeering. Off-screen, murder is brutally final. Indeed, Gallo did not like parts of *The Godfather*. He told a friend that he thought the death scenes seemed "too flashy."



THOUGHTFUL, PENSIVE & HAPPY JOEY GALLO AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRIEND MARTA ORBACH

Our Friend Joey Gallo

In his final months of life, Mobster Joey Gallo developed an unusual friendship with Actor Jerry Orbach and his wife. Writer Marta Curro. Orbach had played a role patterned in part after Gallo's life in the movie version of Jimmy Breslin's *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. Out of the blue, the Orbachs got a call from Gallo, who wanted to meet his screen counterpart. The three saw each other almost daily after that. The Orbachs told TIME correspondent James Willwerth how they felt about Gallo. It is a picture that his rivals—and victims—would scarcely have believed.

JOEY had an intense sense of destiny," says Marta. "If he was truly marked for dying, this old-fashioned way—in style—would have been a point of honor to him. He was afraid he would choke on a piece of steak or slip in the bathroom. In a terrible way, Joey's death would have appealed to his sense of drama. He constantly told us that we might be with him when he was killed. And once he asked us if we would stay with him on a night when he knew it might happen. We would have, of course.

"We hadn't seen him very much in the past few weeks. I knew something was wrong, that he was doing something he was ashamed to tell us. He had been very sweet to me, holding my hand, saying tender things. It was a sign of something unusual. But he was terribly happy and relaxed the last night. At the Copacabana, I never saw him laugh so hard. My guard was down, just as his guard was down. And that's when they get you, when your guard is down."

"Joey compressed time with us because he knew in the back of his head that he might not have much time, that he could go at any minute," says Jerry Orbach. "Consequently, a minute spent talking to Joey was like an hour spent with someone else. There was no 'how's the weather?' or small talk. He was somebody who had to catch a train and get it all in now."

Adds Marta: "I know there was another side to Joey.

But I can't comprehend it. He told us he was going straight. 'You don't understand, Momma,' he would say. 'I gotta get off.' It's a junkie term meaning you have to get the right kind of dope, the 'high' you need to make your life right."

Jerry remembers: "Breslin's book had portrayed Joey as a clown. Then when I met Joey, I was absolutely amazed to find out that maybe he had been a wild kind of nut before he went to prison, but something had happened to him inside. He'd done nothing but read there, and it was startling to talk with him." Marta adds: "When he asked me whether I preferred Camus or Sartre, I almost fell into a plate of spaghetti.

"There's a corner of Italian background in me," Marta continues. "that was ready to be activated. The first day I laid eyes on Joey, it was like being with my father. Joey sensed it, and my family sensed it. After that we were with him almost every day. And if we didn't see him, he'd call up and ask where the hell we were. He called my boy Christopher 'Dynamite.' He called me 'Momma,' or sometimes 'the Big Job.' The people we introduced him to were the best people we know. It was very difficult for him to say thank you. He might hug you or smile. But he wouldn't say much. When we had our wedding at our house, we got the minister who married Tim—no judge would touch the marriage with a ten-foot pole. Joey said in the car afterward, 'Nobody ever gave me a day like that. I'll always be grateful.'

"He had an idea for a play, a comedy about prison life, like *M*A*S*H* was about war. We worked on it, and I began observing him, and the book came out of it. Joey absolutely wouldn't talk about his past. I hope that is understood. The book is only about the relationship between my family and his."

"Joey was a terribly sexy person. He always made you feel he would run away with you—if there weren't 1,000 other factors to consider. He talked about prisons a lot, too. He thought that the Attica uprising was inevitable, and that Rockefeller handled it right. 'The hacks [guards] had to get their thing off, too,' he said. 'They would have shot someone sooner or later.'"

TRIALS

No Again on the Conspiracy Law

After ten long weeks, 64 witnesses and many thousands of pages of testimony, the pivotal question in the trial of the Harrisburg Seven remained unanswered: When does chitchat become conspiracy?

From the beginning, the defense contended that the letters between the Rev. Philip Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister, some of which alluded to the kidnapping of Henry Kissinger and the blowing up of heating tunnels in Washington, D.C., were merely loose talk. "Conspiracy," said Assistant Defense Attorney Leonard Boudin in his closing argument, "is when a group of people get together and make a commitment—a firm commitment—to action." Counteracted Chief Prosecutor William Lynch: "Words are the trigger of action." In the end, no amount of words could trigger the jury to action. Last week, after seven days of wearying deliberation, the nine women and three men confessed that they were hopelessly deadlocked on the conspiracy charges, and the case was declared a mistrial.

The jurors did find Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth guilty of the charge of illegally smuggling their letters in and out of the Lewisburg, Pa., federal prison where the Catholic priest was serving a six-year term for destroying Selective Service records. Convicted on seven smuggling counts in all, Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth face possible maximum sentences of 40 and 30 years respectively for violating the prison contraband law. The defense was quick to point out, however, that the rule is primarily concerned with drugs and weapons and that the smuggling of letters is so commonplace as to be generally overlooked. Laying the groundwork for a May 2

hearing on a motion to reverse the convictions, the defense claims that the U.S. has never tried other similar offenders of the statute and that to do so in the case of the Harrisburg pen pals would be "discriminatory prosecution."

Throughout the jury's marathon deliberation, the defense was never idle, firing off one motion for a mistrial after another. Obviously perplexed by the legal complexities of the charges, the jurors on two occasions asked Federal Judge R. Dixon Herman to please re-explain exactly what comprises a conspiracy. His explanation, the defense objected, was "contradictory, irrelevant to the issues, grossly confusing and repetitious." In one note breaking down the subdivisions under count 1, the all-important conspiracy charge, the jury asked: "Do we find some of the defendants guilty if we have evidence that they have conspired to commit A, B, C (the vandalizing of draft boards) and F (the Kissinger kidnapping) and if we cannot find enough evidence that anyone conspired to commit D and E (the bombing of heating tunnels)?" When the judge replied affirmatively, the defense charged that his answer "amounts to a directed verdict of guilty against at least some of the defendants."

Hugging. The jury pondered for a total of 59½ hours, one of the longest periods ever in a federal criminal case. Along the way, the defense made several of its motions for a mistrial (all denied) by posing the question of how long a jury can deliberate before free discussion becomes court "coercion" to arrive at a verdict. At one point, the defense called for a mistrial based in part on the fact that Judge Herman had "summarily denied" a request by married jurors for conjugal visits. That in turn led trialgoers to pass the time by envisioning such headlines as *SEX-STARVED JURY CONVICTS ELITES*, a gag based on the fact that six of the seven defendants are or were priests or nuns.

When no conviction came, the Harrisburg Seven eagerly claimed a moral victory, hugging one another and raising their fingers in the peace sign. Though they elected not to testify in their own behalf, the defendants' cause was stridently reiterated in the Easter week demonstrations in Harrisburg that attracted speakers ranging from Alger Hiss and the Rev. Ralph Abernathy to Daniel Ellsberg and Congresswoman Bella Abzug. "We have a feeling that we are celebrating something of a victory," said Sister Elizabeth Eqbal Ahmad, a Pakistani scholar and the only non-Catholic defendant, announced to cheering supporters: "My plans are to get out of here as soon as I can and go into the streets to protest the Viet Nam War. We have not been frightened by the Government." Referring to the prison letters, the Rev. Daniel Berrigan predicted: "They'll probably be a literary treasure in years."

Afterward, Juror Lawrence Evans, a supermarket owner, claimed that he



PHILIP BERRIGAN RETURNING TO JAIL
Something of a victory.

was one of only two jury members who held out for a conviction. Asked if some jurors were influenced by the religious calling of the defendants, he said: "Yes. Some felt they could do no wrong. They were really prejudiced." Juror Vera Thompson, a Carlisle, Pa., stock clerk, allowed that Boyd Douglas, the Government's star witness, was "the reason you had a hung jury." She explained that several jurors simply did not believe Informer Douglas, the ex-convict who shuttled the Berrigan-McAlister letters in and out of prison and later turned copies over to the FBI (see THE LAW). Mrs. Thompson added that she, like many of the jurors, was "totally confused" by the conspiracy law.

The Results. That confusion should give the Justice Department pause when it decides whether to retry the Harrisburg Seven, in a case that has already cost the Government an estimated \$1,500,000. Indeed, the conspiracy law, invoked against such varied defendants as Charles Manson, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Bobby Seale and members of the Mafia, has lately come under attack as one of the most elusive and elastic on the books. According to legal critics, U.S. prosecutors have increasingly and often unfairly exploited the fact that a conspiracy charge requires less evidence of actual injurious conduct than any other crime. There is also rising concern about the Government's use of the law against militant political groups.

Perhaps with that in mind, late last week a Justice Department official admitted that a retrial of the Harrisburg Seven was not likely. "You look at the results we got," he said, "and where they got tried, and you have to come to the conclusion that there's nothing more to be gained." Or to be lost.

SISTER ELIZABETH AFTER VERDICT



RACES

The Playboy Politician

In his halcyon days as Harlem's Congressman, Adam Clayton Powell Jr. epitomized the rakishly handsome aristocrat who lives and loves with lofty disdain for what Powell called "picayune matters of personal morality." He often overstepped the bounds of good taste, but for most of his 35-year career as the black world's premier preacher, politician and playboy, Powell was a flamboyant symbol of success and the good life that most of his 430,000 largely black constituents could only dream about. He openly flouted the rules set down by whites, drove expensive foreign cars, dined at exclusive restaurants and made regular trips



ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR. (1968)

abroad—usually taking along some comely woman companion. Women were a ubiquitous element in the Powell life-style, and even as he lay in a coma in a Miami hospital before his death from cancer last week at age 63 his third wife Yvette and his latest companion, Darlene Exposé, battled in court over his estate.

As with many Americans, Powell's ancestry was beyond reliable reconstruction. For a short time, while attending Colgate, Powell passed for white and was heard to say of his fair complexion: "It's some kind of joke—white folks think I'm black and black folks think I'm white." Powell sought to confirm his blackness in his book *Marching Black*, published in 1945. He expressed pride in his runaway-slave grandfather who, in his late years still bore a scar inflicted by an angry slave owner. Powell's father came to New York City in 1908—the year Adam Jr.

was born—to take the pastorate of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, which he helped build to a membership of 14,000, one of the largest Protestant congregations in the country. Kenneth Clark, the black social psychologist, recalled: "When, as a child, I first saw him, I thought he was God." He retired in 1937 and young Adam stepped into his pulpit, staying there until April 1971.

Hot Water. Spouting biblical homilies in a spellbinding baritone, Powell became as popular and well liked as his father. He was the prince of Harlem who, though often among the people, always remained just a bit aloof. Yet he was also a product of the black ghetto. Harlem's taverns and nightclubs were among his favorite places. There he could indulge his almost compulsive need for camaraderie. Energetic and upright when it suited his purpose, young Powell used his personal magnetism and oratorical ability to draw participants to marches, boycotts and demonstrations designed to pry jobs out of white Harlem merchants and businessmen. Powell parlayed his popularity into public office in 1941, when he

water. His first two marriages—to Showgirl Isabel Washington and Jazz Pianist Hazel Scott—reflected Powell's affinity for glamour. His conquests were many. Some, like Yvette and his former-beauty-queen secretary, Corinne Huff, were even put on his staff payroll and paid \$20,000 a year. In 1963 Mrs. Esther James, a Harlem widow, won a \$46,500 defamation judgment against Powell, who on TV called her a "bag woman" for gambling payoffs. For nearly five years he managed to avoid payment, partly by staying out of New York except on Sundays, when legal papers are not served.

Peccadilloes. In Congress, Powell's record of achievement—especially as Chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee—was extraordinary, but his flagrant nepotism and cronyism, his public peccadilloes, the charge of income tax evasion against him and his cavalier disregard for his Congressional colleagues' sensitivities finally led the House to exclude him by a vote of 307 to 116 in early 1967. He was also fined \$25,000.

Powell countered with charges that the ouster had been prompted by racism, and quickly went back to the voters to win reelection. He returned to Congress in 1969, and began paying his fine in monthly installments. He showed up for only nine of 177 roll calls that year, and when asked about his chronic absenteeism quipped: "Part-time work for part-time pay." But his days as a political power were numbered, and in the 1970 Democratic Party primary he finally lost an election—to New York State Assemblyman Charles Rangel, who easily defeated the Republican candidate the following fall. Shaken, Powell retreated to the tiny Bahamian island of Bimini, where he played through his days, surrounded by girls in bikinis and enjoying such concoctions as a vodka-and-Tang drink that he called "poontang."

Late in his career Powell made some effort to rejoin the vanguard of American black leadership, but he was rejected by the emerging Black Power movement. His playboy opulence scarcely fit the hard-eyed, denim-jacketed style of the younger militants. His once-envied achievement of making it in Whitey's world on Whitney's terms seemed increasingly frivolous to separatists eager to develop an independent set of black values. His demagogic remained effective only as long as the situation of blacks remained static. When vicarious achievement was no longer enough for blacks, Adam Clayton Powell became irrelevant and, ultimately, an embarrassment to the cause he had championed theatrically for so long. But even though his time came and went, more than most men he seemed to enjoy every minute of it.



DARLENE EXPOSÉ



YVETTE POWELL



HAZEL SCOTT

became the first black elected to the New York city council. He had visions of bigger things, however, and soon quit to run for Congress.

He brought his bravado to Washington in 1945. There he brazenly ignored the House's unwritten racial-discrimination rules, which docile Chicago Congressman William L. Dawson, a Daley subaltern and the only other black House member when Powell arrived, had quietly accepted. Powell spoke out on behalf of civil rights and enjoyed skirmishes with fellow House members, Senators and even Presidents. He created a new image for blacks in Harlem and across the country. Before his first term was completed, he was a national figure. His was a widely heard voice in Congress supporting equal opportunity for blacks, and blacks repaid him with near-adulation.

But his reckless private conduct over the years kept him in political hot

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Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

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Since Edgar has a big family

(a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to

his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



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The New Populism: Radicalizing the Middle

THE nicest thing anyone can say about a Democratic presidential candidate this year is to call him a populist. Not all the candidates like the appellation. George McGovern—as populist a candidate as there is, left of George Wallace—and Scoop Jackson shun the label. But the rest boast of their populist credentials whenever they can. Wallace plays up his poor-country-boy origins in the Deep South. Humphrey points to his populist record over the years. While he was still in the race, John Lindsay tried to project himself as an "urban populist." Ed Muskie held off for a while, but after doing badly in the Florida primary, he, too, converted to a populist position.

In the new perspective, Robert Kennedy is portrayed as a populist in company with the grand old daddy of conventional populism, Congressman Wright Patman. But then, quite different sorts of politicians have been labeled populists: Spiro Agnew, for example, and Lyndon Johnson.

Populism is a label that covers disparate policies and passions: among many others, New Deal reforms, consumer rage against business, ethnic belligerence. Often it is merely a catch phrase. Yet it describes something real: the politics of the little guy against the big guy—the classic struggle of the haves against the have-nots or the have-not-enoughs. The conflict was softened by the belief in permanent American prosperity and submerged by the global traumas of the past three decades. Now that the U.S. is looking inward once again, and learning that its wealth is not limitless, populism is undergoing a revival.

It is an ism whose time has come, or returned, and though it may last too long in America, this one appears likely to have an extended run. At the heart of the movement is the man in the middle. He is squeezed by a system he wants to respect but feels he has no control over. He is the pursuer of the American dream, but stalled in mid-passage. To oversimplify, he is self-reliant and reasonably industrious; he holds a steady if not too exciting job, owns and takes pride in a modest home, likes sports, wants his kids to go to college. Yet he can never quite make ends meet, especially in the last few years of runaway inflation.

When attention was focused on the outsider in the 1960s—the black, the Indian, the Mexican American—the somewhat better-off white American was simply ignored. Not especially articulate, he took a while to make his discontent known. When he first started to organize and complain, he was too glibly dismissed as a law-and-order bigot. Liberals decided his fears were sheer fantasy.

More perceptive observers—among them Organizer Saul Alinsky and Columnist Joseph Kraft—understood him better. They realized that his fears for his safety were justified and, more significant, that he had genuine economic grievances. With that, the Forgotten American had arrived, and the Republicans were the first to seize him. In 1968 he was metamorphosed into the Silent Majority and took a suitable place in a sort of faded Norman Rockwell portrait lit by a harsh new light. Even while denouncing and fearing the left-wing radicals, he himself grew impatient with politics as usual, and seemed ready to resort to more desperate measures. Middle American discontent as such is not populism. That requires an acceptance of relatively radical solutions; hence the odd convergence of left and right on certain issues. Both, for instance, denounce big bureaucracy in business, labor and government and demand more local control.

As discontent became more visible, liberals hastily reversed themselves. They came to realize that no substantial reform can be ac-

complished without the foot soldiers: the working-class whites. As they look back on it now, the radical student crusade of the 1960s, though it raised many valid issues, seems to have been something of an indulgence. It was too remote from the ordinary citizen; it had too high a moral opinion of itself and too low a regard for the morals of others. Writer-Activist Jack Newfield, who wrote originally of the exclusive radicals of the '60s in his book *A Prophetic Minority*, takes an altered view in a recently published sequel, *Populist Manifesto*, co-authored by Jeff Greenfield, former Robert Kennedy aide. The *Manifesto* argues that reform is possible only if poor or near-poor blacks and whites are brought together on economic issues that affect both: tax reform, consumer protection, free medical care for everybody. Earlier, Senator Fred Harris had written a book, *Now Is the Time*, in which he, too, proposed a far-ranging populist program that would unite groups of people who had only recently been at each other's throats.

As stitched together by its various theorists, populism calls for a drastic overhaul of the nation's economy—a kind of bargain-basement socialism. Its chief demand is one that has struck so responsive a chord in America that even President Nixon has started formulating a program of tax reform. Nothing has more outraged Middle-Forgotten-Populist Man as much as the fact that the wealthy often escape taxes while he is forced to cough up more and more. In calling for a fairer system and a closing of loopholes, the populists are being no more than eminently sensible. They are also on target when they insist that giving underprivileged people easier access to mortgages would appeal to both blacks and whites who are struggling, often against insuperable financial odds, to find decent homes in the cities and suburbs. But the developing scandals in the FHA are a caution against expecting miracles from federal intervention.

Elsewhere, the populists venture onto more treacherous terrain. As part of their program to redistribute the nation's wealth and power, Newfield and Greenfield propose breaking up the biggest corporations and banning mergers and takeovers by the 200 largest corporations. This gut rejection of bigness simply ignores the realities of the modern

ORATOR WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



LOUISIANA'S HUEY LONG



ROBERT F. KENNEDY

GEORGE WALLACE ON THE STUMP



ESSAY

economy, in which not everything that is big is bad. Equally blithely, the authors would have the Government take over the telephone companies and the utilities, but the woes of public ownership at home and abroad show that it is no panacea. The danger of populism, old and new, is that it ruthlessly oversimplifies.

More important than a program, perhaps, is the new emotional boost the movement has given to the submerged middle. Populism has produced an unlikely hero. He is not the dirt farmer or wage slave of the past, but the civil servant. Never a figure of glamour, to say the least, he has finally come into his own. The new culture celebrities are teachers, cops, firemen and—it won't be long now—sanitation men. Two popular books, praised in liberal journals, were written by front-line civil servants. A hair-raising account of fire fighting in New York City, *Report from Engine Co. 82*, was authored by one of the men on the job, Dennis Smith. Joseph Wambaugh, a Los Angeles cop, has turned out a pair of novels about his experiences with the underside of society called *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*. A nobly beating heart has been uncovered beneath the once despised uniform. The pig is acquiring a pedigree. To be anti-cop is no longer quite as fashionable as it was; it is anti-populist.

Moreover, the new populism finds romance in the "ethnics"—Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Italians and even Irishmen. A few years ago, the ethnic citizen was denounced as a lower-middle-class (and -brow) boor, an impediment to progress. Now he gets a much kinder press. In a new book, *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnicities*, Michael Novak, who is a Slovak American, makes the prediction that the ethnic Americans will be the "new political force of the 1970s." It is no accident that the stubby heroes of recent films like *The French Connection* and *Dirty Harry* are ethnic cops, diamonds-in-the-rough who stalk their man without paying too much attention to libertarian niceties.

The new populism bears only an oblique relationship to the earlier movement of the same name.

The populism that developed in the late 19th century was basically agrarian. It was a revolt of poor farmers, both black and white, in the South and in the Midwest against concentrated business strength in the Northeast. They were outraged over steadily declining farm prices that resulted from a worldwide expansion of production; they chafed at high interest rates and monopolistic railroad rates. As their movement gathered strength, they formed a third party and began to build political power. In 1896 the Democratic presidential candidate, silver-tongued William Jennings Bryan, espoused much of their program. Populists who joined the Democrats were known as "popocrats."

But their conservative foes were too much for them. Bryan lost to the candidate of big business, William McKinley, and populism began to disintegrate. But it left a legacy of reform. Many of the programs it had so ardently championed were eventually adopted: federal aid to farmers, the graduated income tax, the direct election of U.S. Senators. In many states, the initiative and referendum were written into law.

Populism also left another, less praiseworthy legacy. Addicted to conspiracy theories, it reduced its problems to a single hatable enemy: the Wall Street banker, who shaded all too easily into the unscrupulous Jewish moneylender. Anti-Semitism was a poisonous ingredient of populism. A passion for progress that had united the populists in the beginning turned into an equally passionate hatred when the movement founders.

Courageous Southern integrationists like Tom Watson turned into rabid racists, fixing a segregationist course for the South for years to come. Later in Louisiana, Huey Long took certain populist tendencies to a tyrannical extreme, threatening to build a national movement based on class hatred. Coming out of one of the populist states, Wisconsin, Senator Joe McCarthy rose to national fame in part by arousing his constituents' lingering resentment of Eastern, upper-crust America.

Today's populism is different because it is no longer rural. Populists are as likely to live in big cities as in small towns or on farms. A populist program embracing tax reform, housing, health and a federal jobs program would have national, not simply regional appeal. Still, populism remains an ambivalent term. It contains two distinct strains: economic reform and social reaction. The two strains overlap, sometimes attract and sometimes repel each other. Populism implies, on the one hand, power to the people; on the other, it suggests an abuse of power by the people, a kind of folk mallevolence. In its coarser, illiberal forms, populism could turn out to be the old backlash in disguise.

While celebrating the will of the people, many populists fail to examine what this will consists of. They pride themselves on being humble, earthy, sweaty even in the service of the common man—but which common man? Much of the progress of recent years (racial integration, for instance) has not happened on direct order from the mass of the people but through national leadership. As local populists demand more power, there is a possibility that some of the liberal gains of recent decades will be reversed. The reaction to busing, the outcry in Forest Hills and elsewhere against scatter-site housing, serve as warning scrawls on the wall. Undiluted populism might turn out to be as bad as arrogant elitism. As Julian Bond puts it, "A lot of liberals are tired of black people. We're not as hip as we used to be."

The crucial question is whether in the long run populism can reconcile blacks and whites: the

evidence so far is mixed. In parts of the South, many poor whites, who were once called rednecks, have started to work with blacks in politics. Says Atlanta's vice mayor, Maynard Jackson, a black: "The poor white is beginning to tell himself that it is not enough just to be white. He sees, through television and other media, an America more affluent than ever before. And between that affluence and his own miserable life lies a chasm of despair." At the same time, many unions remain unyielding in opening their ranks to blacks, while white-black clashes in mixed schools and neighborhoods appear to be on the increase throughout the country. Especially in times of recession, fear for one's job outweighs possible common economic interests with the other fellow, and visceral prejudice all too often overpowers economic rationality.

But in its very ambivalence—in its confusion of labels and its crossing of ideological lines—populism, or what now passes for it, offers some hope of fresh starts in the U.S. In its appeal to both left and right, it can provide a common denominator for those who feel ignored and bypassed, and voice their imperative demand for new solutions, bolder ideas—and bolder men. Besides, it was not spun out of some overratiocinative brain; it has roots. James Clofelter, professor of political science at Emory University and a close student of populism, says that it "has the potential of moving people into the future in the name of ideals of the past." It is a future, in other words, that might possibly work.

■ Edwin Warner



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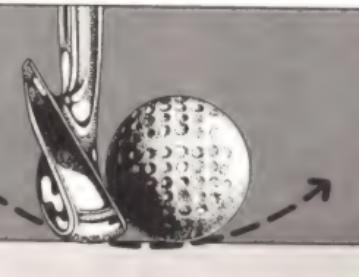
You're probably a lot better golfer than you think you are.

Wilson X-31 Clubs

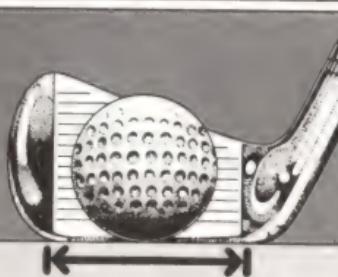
For shots that get up faster and go farther.



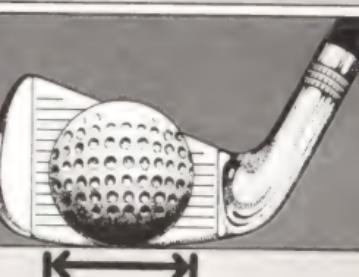
Ordinary sole is flat, which gives it a greater tendency to dig in.



X-31 Radius Sole with beveled leading edge. Note extra weight below center line of ball.



Ordinary sole is flat to turf, takes broad, heavy divot.



X-31 Contoured Sole takes small, narrow divot.

THE WAR / COVER STORY

Vietnamization: A Policy Under the Gun

THE offensive began in the sky—with a shattering barrage of at least 12,000 rounds of rocket, mortar and artillery fire across the Demilitarized Zone, which divides North and South Vietnam. Said Specialist Fourth Class Michael Hill, a U.S. adviser with ARVN units in the area: "It was like nothing we ever expected and nothing we ever saw." Then came the ground attack. Some 25,000 North Vietnamese troops, with Russian-built tanks and artillery, swept down through Quang Tri province, sending 50,000 refugees fleeing south and U.S. advisers scurrying to their helicopters. As his stunned military forces struggled to regroup, President Nguyen Van Thieu appeared on TV to deliver a grim ten-minute speech. "This is the final battle to decide the survival of the people," he said.

There may have been a touch of apocalyptic hyperbole in Thieu's words. Nonetheless, there was no doubt that the North Vietnamese had launched their largest offensive in South Vietnam since *Ter* 1968. Hanoi clearly was seeking a decisive military victory that would both display the impotence of Thieu's regime and embarrass Richard Nixon politically. For Washington, and indeed for Saigon, it was the first real test of Vietnamization, a policy that the Administration had pursued—at a cost of 12,000 U.S. lives and three more years in a divisive and unpopular war—in order to buy time until the South Vietnamese could defend their own soil. To the Administration, however, the Communist attack was an opportunity as well as an uncertain challenge. The White House is convinced, as one official put it last week, that "if the Viet-

namese fight well, this will hasten the end of the war considerably." In short, Washington felt—perhaps too optimistically—the fighting could mean an end to the stalemate, both on the battleground and at the Paris talks.

New Front. The early drama focused on the north, where the Communist onslaught swirled around some names familiar to many American G.I.s: Camp Carroll, Camp Fuller, Camp Ann, Alpha Two, Alpha Four. It also added something startlingly new to the war: heavy Soviet weapons, including tanks (ranging from light PT-76s to heavy T-54s of World War II vintage), artillery (up to modern 130-mm. guns with a 19-mile range) and even SA-2 missiles. By week's end, as the northern fighting settled down to a wary probing of defenses around Quang Tri city and Hué, the offensive booted up in other areas.

In the Central Highlands, known to the generals as Military Region II, North Vietnamese troops were maneuvering around Kontum, thought to be a prime Communist target. On the coast, sappers struck the big U.S. base at Cam Ranh Bay, killing 3 Americans and wounding 15. Far to the south in the Mekong Delta

(Military Region IV), there was a rash of shelling, and attacks hit airfields outside two provincial capitals. For the moment, however, the Communists had really opened only one new "front": that was in Military Region III, the mid-country region that encompasses Saigon. That area was rapidly becoming the main worry of the U.S. and South Vietnamese commanders. At Loc Ninh, a rural district capital 75 miles north of Saigon near the Cambodian border, North Vietnamese troops routed the South Vietnamese defenders, organized "people's committees," and set up antiaircraft positions. Other enemy troops were moving, in regimental strength, to areas west, north and south of Saigon, which was braced for its first rocket attacks in two years.

Despite the speed with which it spread, the fighting was still indeterminate. There had been no big set battles, certainly none with crack ARVN outfits like the 1st Division. "The ARVN hasn't stopped the [North Vietnamese] drive," said a U.S. officer in Saigon last week, "but the initial surge has ended. So far, continued

South Vietnamese infantrymen move warily through deserted streets of Dong Ha (below) as smoke rises from B-52 strikes in background. Right, clockwise: gear-laden young ARVN soldier smokes on rubble-strewn street; tank rolls up for defense of Dong Ha; bodies of Viet Cong soldiers lie on roadside; worried civilians head south for safety in jampacked bus; ARVN artillerymen fire 155-mm. howitzer at advancing units of North Vietnamese army.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID BURNETT







South Vietnamese troops aboard tank wait for enemy at a Dong Ha cemetery. ARVN soldiers (left) pick through rubble of shelled houses. Woman refugee and baby (below) flee invaded area south of DMZ.





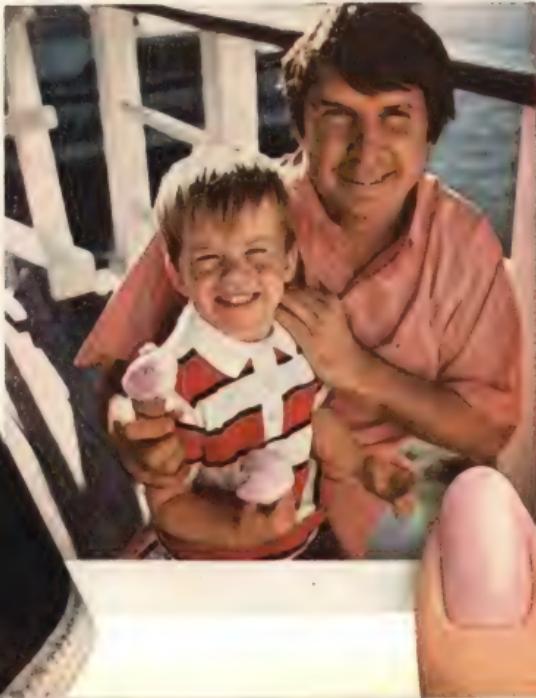
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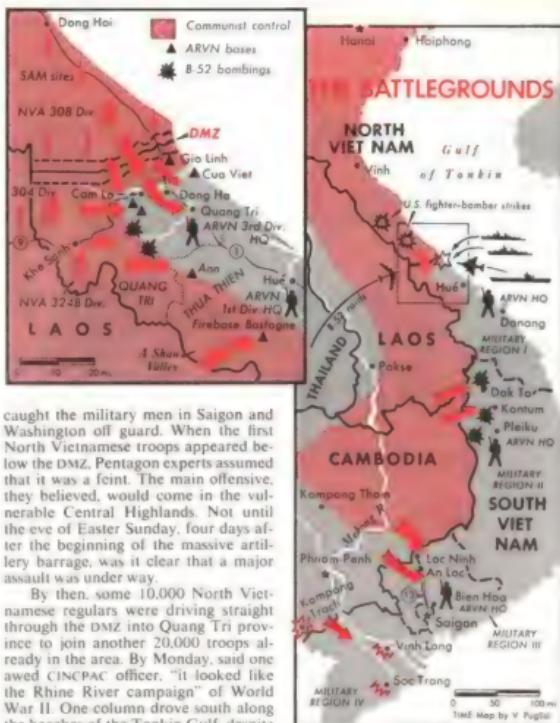
THE WORLD

this thing has had peaks and valleys. But the peaks haven't been too high, and the valleys haven't been too low." The big peaks, evidently, were still to come.

Back in 1969, when Vietnamization was put into effect, the Nixon Administration had realized that the policy would eventually be put to a violent test. The time, it reckoned, would come after the U.S. had ceased to have a significant ground combat capability in Viet Nam, and before the November 1972 elections. More recently, U.S. intelligence had forecast that the Communist assault would come some time between February and April or May, when the monsoon rains begin the annual conversion of much of Indochina into a sea of mud.

Like the Rhine. For their part, the North Vietnamese were obviously poised for an unprecedented effort. In the words of a White House official, they had "a lot of chips in the pot." In the past, the North Vietnamese commander, General Vo Nguyen Giap, had always kept at least half of his 480,000-man army within North Viet Nam. Now 14 of his 15 divisions (about 350,000 men) were deployed all across Indochina's battlefields: elements of ten divisions—including many units that had been operating in-country or on the borders for months or years—were committed to the adventure in South Viet Nam. Some 35,000 North Vietnamese troops were present in the provinces south of the DMZ in Military Region I; there were perhaps 25,000 in the Central Highlands, 16,000 in the hard-pressed provinces around Saigon, 6,000 in the Delta. Counting Viet Cong soldiers, the total Communist troop strength in South Viet Nam is well over 100,000 men—the highest total since the months before the convulsive *Tet* 1968 attacks. Against them stand 492,000 South Vietnamese regulars and about 513,000 militia troops. The U.S. forces remaining in South Viet Nam are not directly involved.

Despite the intelligence forecasts, the location and timing of the attack



caught the military men in Saigon and Washington off guard. When the first North Vietnamese troops appeared below the DMZ, Pentagon experts assumed that it was a feint. The main offensive, they believed, would come in the vulnerable Central Highlands. Not until the eve of Easter Sunday, four days after the beginning of the massive artillery barrage, was it clear that a major assault was under way.

By then, some 10,000 North Vietnamese regulars were driving straight through the DMZ into Quang Tri province to join another 20,000 troops already in the area. By Monday, said one awed CINCPAC officer, "it looked like the Rhine River campaign" of World War II. One column drove south along the beaches of the Tonkin Gulf, despite a heavy barrage laid down by U.S. destroyers offshore. Taking advantage of heavy rains and low clouds, which limited air strikes, other units rolled down French-built Highway 1 aboard Soviet-built tanks and trucks towing anti-aircraft or artillery pieces.

General Creighton Abrams, U.S. commander in South Vietnam, who had been spending the holiday in Bangkok

with his family, rushed back to Saigon. So did U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, who had been in Kathmandu with his wife Carol Laise, the U.S. Ambassador to Nepal.

In Washington, Nixon met with his military advisers: Admiral Thomas Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Secretary of State William Rogers; Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and his recently named deputy Kenneth Rush. Meanwhile Henry Kissinger convened what would turn out to be the first of almost daily sessions of the WSAG (Washington Special Action Group), which consists of ranking officials of the State and Defense departments and the CIA, who form a sort of foreign policy crisis management team.

Administration spokesmen insisted that the President was "keeping his options open." In fact, the options were limited. Nixon ruled out any pause in troop withdrawals; he will announce the next phase sometime before May 1, when the U.S. troop level in Viet Nam dips below 69,000. The President also directed that the 6,000 U.S. combat troops currently stationed in Viet Nam should not be shifted from their defensive positions around U.S. installations at Danang and in the Saigon area to

PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU



GENERAL VO NGUYEN GIAP





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THE WORLD

aid ARVN's fight against the North Vietnamese. To emphasize that it was "their war," it was decided that reporters' inquiries about the South Vietnamese situation would be bucked to the State Department. The President demonstrated his confidence that the situation was under control by leaving for Key Biscayne in midweek.

An Umbrella. The one option that was available was air power, and Nixon made the most of it (see page 39). For the first time since 1968, four aircraft carriers were on station in the Tonkin Gulf; a fifth, the *Midway*, was on its way. Also sent to the area were a squadron of F-105 Thunderchief fighter-bombers and about 20 B-52s, which joined the 80 already operating from bases in Thailand and Guam. Later, two squadrons of F-4 Phantoms flew to Da Nang from bases in Okinawa, Japan and Korea. The additions meant a jump in U.S. air strength in Indochina within a week from 450 to 700 planes.

Meanwhile Nixon, in effect, ordered a resumption of the unconditional bombing of the North. The invasion across the DMZ, he charged, had shattered the so-called "understanding" under which Lyndon Johnson had ordered the bombing halt in 1968. (The North has never admitted acceding to it.) For a "limited duration," which seemed to mean until the end of the offensive, U.S. pilots would be allowed to attack any military targets; before, they could only stage "protection reaction-



ARVN TROOPS NEAR QUANG TRỊ CITY DRAG BODY OF NORTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIER
Looking for signs that the lines would bend but not break.

stikes on antiaircraft sites. The new franchise did not extend to "punitive raids" on targets such as Hanoi and Haiphong. The main objective seemed to be the missile sites massed in a narrow belt above and below the DMZ, where they could extend an air-defense "umbrella" over the invasion force in Quang Tri.

The step-up in the air war would inevitably renew the ugly worldwide image of the U.S. once again clobbering the North from the skies. To counter possible reaction at home and abroad,

the White House ordered up a kind of pre-emptive public relations strike that emphasized Communist villainy. Administration officials pressed the view that South Viet Nam had been the victim of a flagrant "invasion" from the North; they also emphasized the enemy's ample Soviet hardware.

At a tough-talking Washington press conference, Laird branded Moscow as a "major contributor" to the war, and blasted the North Vietnamese for "marauding throughout Southeast

How Good Is Saigon's Army?

FOR better or worse, the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (ARVN for short) holds the key to the success of President Nixon's Vietnamization policy. Expert opinions are strongly divided on whether ARVN can sustain that policy. Reflecting the cynical view of more than a few American G.I.s who have returned from combat in Southeast Asia, one U.S. military adviser last week complained: "The colors in the South Vietnamese flag are certainly appropriate—most of the people are yellow, and the rest are red."

By and large, though, American advisers believe that ARVN is a competent and rapidly improving fighting force. Since shortly after the 1968 Tet offensive the South Vietnamese armed forces have been expanded from 730,000 men to 1,100,000. ARVN has become the second-largest military machine in Asia, second in size only to China's 2,700,000-man People's Liberation Army. Counting the People's Self-Defense Force, the volunteer militia, South Viet Nam has nearly 2,000,000 men under arms. The main fighting force consists of 587,000 men, including 492,000 in ARVN (in eleven combat divisions), 13,000 marines, 40,000 sailors, and 42,000 airmen. It also includes 513,000 Regional and Popular Force troops, who are assigned to guard the country's towns and villages and reinforce pacification efforts.

The South Vietnamese armed forces are among the best equipped in the world—at least for conventional warfare. The U.S. has provided ARVN with 640,000 M-16 rifles, 34,000 M-79 grenade launchers, 40,000 radios, 20,000 quarter-ton trucks and 56 M-48 tanks. The air force has 200 A-1, A-37 and F-5 fighters, 30 AC-47 gunships and 600 transport, training and reconnaissance aircraft. Despite such impressive figures, the Vietnamese are not as well equipped as the G.I.s that they replaced. While ARVN has only 500 helicopters, for in-

stance, the U.S. fighting force had more than 3,000 in 1969.

Three years ago, ARVN was primarily engaged in rural pacification programs, while U.S. troops handled most of the "search-and-destroy" missions. Since then a number of ARVN divisions—notably the Hué-based 1st—have acquired a good deal of combat experience and acquitted themselves with honor. Nonetheless, the army still has several large unsolved problems. The educational level of the troops is low—most ARVN privates are barely literate. Leadership, particularly at regimental and battalion levels, is erratic.

U.S. advisers make two general criticisms of ARVN: it is not flexible enough to defend the country properly, and it tends to get bogged down in bureaucracy. When ARVN took over the U.S. firebases south of the DMZ, the locations and even the names remained the same, which meant that the North Vietnamese did not even have to worry about changing their artillery coordinates.

Furthermore, a call for artillery support from a beleaguered ARVN field commander must pass through a tortuous chain of command extending from the district commander through the civilian province chief to the divisional commander and finally to the appropriate artillery battalion. Beyond this, ARVN's divisions are of sharply uneven quality, and its best units are apt to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Last week the crack 1st was resting in Hué while the bungling 3rd bore the brunt of the early fighting.

In a purely military sense, most U.S. strategists believe that Vietnamization will succeed. "It is inconceivable that the South can't hold out against the North Vietnamese," a senior Rand Corp. analyst observed last week. "They are just too good and well-equipped an army for that—unless the North Vietnamese are all Prussians and the South Vietnamese all Italians." He paused and added, "There is always that chance, of course."

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Asia." Before the U.S. would return to the Paris negotiations, "the enemy would have to draw back across the DMZ." Privately, Administration officials were pleased that neither the Soviets nor the Chinese had reacted sharply to the bombing and the rhetoric: Moscow like Washington, seemed unwilling to let the fighting get in the way of May's Nixon-Brezhnev summit.

The Proof. The White House saw another possible plus in Hanoi's switch from guerrilla tactics to conventional warfare. By coming out in the open with their heavy armor and artillery, the Communists have made themselves vulnerable to fearsome losses from air attacks. Said one senior U.S. military adviser: "They are going to be hurt badly." Conceivably—but that prophecy points to a crucial element in the war: the continued dependency of the South Vietnamese troops upon massive U.S. air support. Without it, ARVN might well have had to surrender even more territory than it did last week, which would have further reduced its credibility with the civilian populace that has counted upon it for defense.

But can ARVN lose? U.S. military experts are reasonably confident that unless overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, ARVN can handle North Vietnamese regulars. Nixon's criteria for success should not be beyond ARVN's reach. The President told a press conference last month that he was confident that "the South Vietnamese lines may bend, [but] not break. If this proves to be the case, it will be the final proof that Vietnamization has succeeded."

Last week, though, ARVN did not quite live up to Defense Secretary Laird's measure of success: winning 75% of its battles. In the very first hours

WEARY ARVN SOLDIER AT DONG HA



of the offensive, in fact, ARVN suffered only defeat. The big loser was the 3rd Division, whose troops abandoned 14 firebases below the DMZ in five days. The 3rd was a newly formed unit, raised largely by conscription, of local men, including a good many draft dodgers and delinquents. Considering the ferocity of the initial North Vietnamese barrage, retreat made sense. But it was not sensibly executed. Some units quit the field so quickly that they failed to spike their guns. Many 3rd Division soldiers joined the 50,000 refugees who fled south for sanctuary in Quang Tri and Hué.

At Camp Carroll, a former U.S. Marine outpost ten miles south of the DMZ, 3rd Division troopers mutinied. After three days of brutal shelling, their commander ordered a gradual retreat; they wanted to surrender. Luckily for the U.S. adviser, Lieut. Colonel William Camper, a passing helicopter heard his radio call: "They're running up a white flag! I'm leaving!" Camper was picked up, along with a couple of the soldiers who wanted to retreat too. But the unlucky base commander was reportedly tied up by the remaining mutineers and turned over to the NVA.

Single Shot. Inept as the 3rd Division appeared to be, it was a model of discipline by comparison with some of the Regional and Popular Force irregulars in the area, who were little better than gun-happy mobs. South of Quang Tri city, one such mob fired away with giddy abandon for two hours at Communists holding a bridge on Highway 1. When the Communists finally broke and ran, reported TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch, "the South Vietnamese ran off after them, hooting in jubilation—until the Communists turned to fire a few sobering rounds at their pursuers. The troops stopped, then fled back to the bridge, where they all crowded together and indulged in a flurry of mutual self-congratulations. There was a wounded prisoner lying on the ground, his face covered with dust and blood oozing from his mouth. Although a medic was present, the prisoner was given no attention. A private raised his M-16. 'Don't!' warned a Vietnamese-speaking journalist. Too many Americans. The soldier put his gun down and the journalist moved off. A few minutes later there was a single shot; the prisoner had a hole between his eyes."

But when ARVN was good, it was very, very good. At Dong Ha, a town of rude wooden shacks and prosperous brick houses ten miles south of the DMZ on the banks of the Cua Viet River, one vital North Vietnamese objective was spiked by the tanks of the tough 20th Armored Squadron. As the Communist spearhead rolled south on Highway 1, the 34-ton M-48s of the 20th sped north. They met—and stopped—the Communist armor a scant 300 yards north of the Cua Viet bridge. The tankers and two companies of South Vietnamese marines held the bridge long enough for it to be blown up by an American ad-



NORTH VIETNAMESE SAM MISSILE
Moscow gave generously.

vise. "Those outfits are heroes," said one American who observed the battle. "There hasn't been anyone in the Viet Nam War who fought better."

Hué, the ancient Vietnamese imperial capital, is presumed to be a prime target of the Communist invasion. So far, the North Vietnamese have been unable to slip past Bastogne and Birmingham, the ARVN 1st Division bases that guard the approaches to the city. Last week, Hué had a besieged look, nonetheless. No effort had been made to repair the walls and shrines that had been reduced to ruins four years earlier—the traditional period of mourning in Viet Nam—in the Tet offensive of 1968. At the university, faded signs on walls urged: SMASH THE ATTEMPT TO VIE NAMEZIE THE WAR. The students were out in the streets, canvassing for contributions to relieve the plight of 50,000 refugees who swarmed into the city from the north.

Few Clues. "They came by bus, by put-putting Rototillers, aboard army trucks borrowed for an afternoon from ARVN," wrote TIME's Rauch. "Those who had time to pack chose peculiar things to salvage: one family had a refrigerator in a wheelbarrow, nothing else. A lieutenant carried an enormous Sanyo sound system, still in its carton and minus the speakers, strapped to the back of his motorbike. Nearly everyone seems to have a pig. Pigs are strapped onto Honda seats, pigs are tied onto front bumpers, pigs hang in wire cages from tail gates and are slung from poles that peasants and their wives heft onto their shoulders. On the highway, a Jeep carrying six prosperous refugees had tried to pass a slower vehicle, strayed off the tarmac and hit a mine buried in the unpaved shoulder. The explosion blew the Jeep and its passengers clear across the road and into a field. No one even bothered to look at the bodies, like pedestrians avoiding a dog mess, the refugees just skirted the

hole dug by the blast and continued on toward safety."

What were the North Vietnamese really up to? There were few clues from the Communists; Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the chief Viet Cong negotiator in Paris, spoke conventionally of overthrowing "the repressive regime of Saigon" and establishing a "government of national concord." All that intelligence officers know for sure is that Hanoi has planned a five-phase offensive for 1972. The first two phases, described in captured documents as terror in the countryside and attacks on militia outposts, began after the Tet holidays last February. Evidently, last week's offensive began Phase 3: an effort to pin down South Vietnamese forces where they are weakest, inflict casualties, and discredit Vietnamization. The final phases are attacks on major cities (quite possible) and a general uprising leading to the fall of the Thieu regime (farfetched).

In opening a multi-front offensive, as they seemed to be doing last week, the Communists could whiplash the ARVN command by reducing the pressure in one region, only to step it up suddenly in another. The idea would be to force reserve units to move and thus to weaken vital areas. Saigon last week was all but stripped of its reserves; even the presidential palace guard was sent north to the action.

At week's end, Ambassador Bunker and General Abrams were said to have told Washington that they believe the enemy drive will last for several months, until either victory is achieved or defeat is inevitable. Still most U.S. intelligence sources

seem to think that the offensive, however intense, will be of limited duration. Within a month or so, monsoon rains will make movement and resupply difficult in most of the country. But in Military Region I, where logistical support via the DMZ and Laos is relatively easy, the Communists could make trouble for a much longer time. President Thieu believes that the Communists may try to seize South Viet Nam's two northern provinces and use them as bargaining chips to force a negotiated settlement of the war.

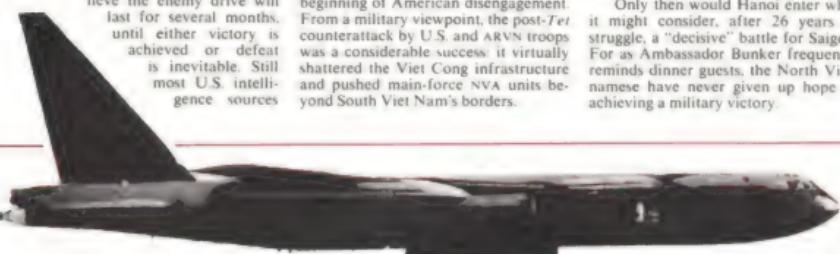
Shock Waves. If Hué falls, the NVA might conceivably set up a "provisional government" of the long dormant National Liberation Front and the Viet Cong in the old capital. Washington believes that Hanoi will settle for a few "spectaculars"—perhaps the temporary occupation of a city or two—to embarrass Nixon and Thieu and perhaps force the U.S. to begin talking seriously about the Communist seven-point peace plan, which includes dumping the Thieu regime.

But what if ARVN and its air support hold fast and thwart the spectaculars? What if the Communists move back to their border sanctuaries without having inflicted a massive defeat? If that happens—and Washington is beginning to think optimistically of the prospect—North Viet Nam would have lost more than it did in Tet 1968. That furious onslaught created psychological shock waves in the U.S. and led to the beginning of American disengagement. From a military viewpoint, the post-Tet counterattack by U.S. and ARVN troops was a considerable success; it virtually shattered the Viet Cong infrastructure and pushed main-force NVA units beyond South Viet Nam's borders.

If ARVN comes out of the current offensive in good shape, Hanoi might be willing—or so Washington believes—to negotiate a settlement along the lines of Richard Nixon's eight-point peace proposal. With its provisions for an Indochina-wide cease-fire and return of all troops to their national boundaries, Nixon's eight points add up to something close to unacceptable surrender for Hanoi. Most likely, the Washington speculation goes, a way would be found to allow the North Vietnamese to save face, and thus not feel obliged to return to the battlefield later on.

That is a highly wishful scenario, and it would be extraordinary if the North should follow it. Washington traditionally has inclined toward optimism in its thinking about the war. In Saigon, however, the prevalent opinion is that the current offensive is not the decisive thrust, but is aimed mainly at punishing ARVN and pushing it back from the border sanctuaries that the Communists have carved out over the past two years in Laos and Cambodia. With the reconstruction of the sanctuary network completed, and with the war-weary regimes in Phnom-Penh and Vientiane all but on the ropes, the North Vietnamese are turning their attention to South Viet Nam again. The immediate goal is not to topple Thieu in 1972, but to begin to rebuild the weakened Viet Cong and otherwise prepare to act on the day when the Americans and their airpower are really gone.

Only then would Hanoi enter what it might consider, after 26 years of struggle, a "decisive" battle for Saigon. For as Ambassador Bunker frequently reminds dinner guests, the North Vietnamese have never given up hope of achieving a military victory.



The Air War: To See Is to Destroy

For U.S. Air Force pilots in Viet Nam, it was one of the busiest weeks of the war, as TIME Correspondent David DeVoss discovered when he visited the big American airbase at Danang. His report:

THE flying weather was poor, air traffic heavy and hazardous, and there were rumors about the infiltration of SAM antiaircraft missiles south of the DMZ. Nevertheless, U.S. Air Force Captain Donald E. Waddel, 26, was elated as he walked away from his F-4 Phantom fighter-bomber. "It was unbelievable," he said. "I've never seen anything like it—columns of tanks, columns of trucks, even men marching along the road."

Until the North Vietnamese unleashed their attack across the DMZ, U.S. Air Force and Navy pilots in the war rarely saw their prey. Elusive guerrillas and cam-

ouflaged trucks on jungle trails seldom afforded high-flying supersonic pilots a visible target. Last week, whenever the cloud cover lifted, the flyers could sight the enemy on the ground. "You had the feeling," said Waddel, "that you were really doing something significant."

Last week's bad weather compelled the flyers to take even more risks than usual. Fighter-bombers had to slice below the overcast to "unload their ordnance" at heights of only 500 ft. or so. At that low altitude even a rifle bullet can bring down a jet if it strikes a vulnerable point.

The FACs—forward air controllers who spot targets from tiny two-engine Cessnas for the fighter-bombers—were also forced to fly dangerously lower. During one four-hour mission, FAC Captain Conrad Pekkola, 32, dodged 15 SAMs as he circled the area between Khe Sanh and the DMZ. "A lot of 23mm. and 37mm. anti-aircraft artillery have been moved south since the offensive began," said Pekkola. "Usually they aim at any break in the clouds because they know that's where we'll

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eventually be." In the first six days of the offensive, the North Vietnamese shot down five U.S. aircraft and two South Vietnamese aircraft. One American-manned HH-3 helicopter crashed while on a rescue mission.

The stepped-up tempo of the air war was reflected last week in the frenzied activity on the ground. "We're working double shifts to keep the planes ready to roll," said Staff Sergeant John Maecey, a crew chief at Danang.

When a flight of four Phantoms lands on the twin 10,000-ft. runways, the planes quickly taxi to rows of protective concrete revetments. Once a plane is safely parked, the pilot climbs out and is handed a cold can of Budweiser. While he sips the brew, a yellow forklift truck trundles up with armaments, and the ground crew hurriedly rearms the Phantom with an awesome array of weaponry—iron bombs, rockets and napalm canisters. Normally, the entire operation takes only 20 minutes. The beer never gets warm before the pilot climbs back into his Phantom to take off on another sortie.

The Sea War: Barrages and Boredom

During the first stages of the North Vietnamese offensive, gunfire from the U.S. destroyers that patrol the Tonkin Gulf succeeded in turning back 300 Communist troops from an attempted crossing of the Dong Ha River. Shortly before the Navy became engaged in the battle for Quang Tri province, TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief, Stanley Cloud, was a guest aboard one of those destroyers. There he was able to observe a vital but underreported U.S. contribution to the war:

THE U.S.S. *Buchanan*, a guided missile destroyer, rolls gently in the waters of the Tonkin Gulf, 5,000 yards offshore of the Demilitarized Zone. Overhead, a full moon slips in and out of wispy tangles of cloud. Crew members who are not needed to fire the guns or run the ship are down in the mess deck watching Jane Fonda in *Barbarella*.

One of the *Buchanan*'s two automatic five-inch guns, with a maximum range of twelve miles, is trained to starboard. A voice rasps over the ship's loudspeaker: "Stand by. Mount 52. Two salvos." Five seconds later, the gun shreds the night. A pale orange flame shoots from the muzzle, and a 70-lb. shell whistles through the air en route to a target more than three miles inland from the Vietnamese coastline.

In the pilot house, the officer of the deck watches the flight of the projectile on radar. Then a second round is fired. "Bore's clear," comes the voice on the loudspeaker. "Next target is Number 17." So it goes until 5:30 the next morning, when 200 rounds of the *Buchanan*'s "H and I" (harassment and interdiction) fire will have been spent on 25 targets inside the DMZ. Another night in the U.S. Navy's long war off the coast of Viet Nam has ended.

U.S. Navy destroyers first began patrolling the Tonkin Gulf in 1961, and providing gunfire support for troops on the ground in 1965. Largely because the small North Viet-

namese Navy has steered clear of combat, the naval war has been consistently overshadowed by American fighting on the ground and in the air. The major exception occurred in August 1964, when two American destroyers, the *Meddox* and the *Turner Joy*, reported that they had been attacked in the gulf by North Vietnamese torpedo boats. The incident, whose authenticity is still in doubt, led directly to passage by Congress of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, which Lyndon Johnson used as authority for massive U.S. intervention in the Viet Nam War.

Last week, for the first time in two years, the ships that have been daily pounding the coast drew return fire from shore-based Communist artillery. One round hit the U.S.S. *Lloyd Thomas*, inflicting minor damage and injuring three crewmen.

Normally, though, war aboard the *Buchanan* and other destroyers is an impersonal war. The chief ingredients are radarscopes, computers, control panels, microswitches and radios—plus movies in wide-screen color. The only time the ammunition is touched by human hands is when it is loaded into the automatic hoist. Deep in the bowels of the ship, Fire Controlman Second Class Jim Fagan of Miami holds the portable trigger in his hand, nonchalantly squeezing the lever when he gets the signal over his headphones: "I don't feel like I'm part of this war," says one sailor. "I never see what we're shooting at, or whether it does any good."

In the style of Admiral Zumwalt's "New Navy," officers and enlisted men alike sport beards, waxed mustaches and hair long enough to have put them on report three years ago. The chief disciplinary problems are drug abuse and racial tension, though in scope they barely match similar problems suffered in the Army. Boredom is pervasive. As one *Buchanan* sailor puts it: "I sometimes go topside and stand at the rail, watching the moon on the water. I just stand there for hours like some damn U.S.O. ad."

It bothers many of the sailors that they are fighting a passive, unseen enemy. "We've been shooting at the same place for seven years," says one radarman. "By now, the Viet Cong must have the area roped off and posted with signs that say 'Keep out, the ship is firing.'" Still, unlike the ground units in South Viet Nam, the Navy is not setting an immediate course for home. "When they talk about the U.S. withdrawing from Viet Nam," says a chief petty officer, "they don't count the Navy, because we're not in the country. I figure we'll be staying around a while."

BUCHANAN FIRES AT TARGETS NEAR DMZ



SAILORS IN GUNFIRE CONTROL ROOM ON U.S.S. BUCHANAN



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Regular, 17 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine,
Menthol, 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug.'71

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Women and the Gunmen

EVERY bit as fierce-minded as their men, women have historically played a distinctive role in the troubles of Ireland. From the near legendary Countess Markievicz (Constance Gore-Booth), who was one of the leaders of the 1916 Easter Rising, to the blackbereted Provisional I.R.A. women of today, they have preached belligerence, run guns, helped plant bombs and provided sanctuary. The Catholic women of Belfast and Londonderry have been a not-so-secret weapon of the I.R.A.—lookouts who raised a racket by banging garbage-can lids when British soldiers approached, or shielded fugitive gunmen when squads of troops swooped into the Catholic ghettos.

In no small way, the fate of Northern Ireland last week hung on the consensus of its Catholic communities—and of its women. Britain had designed its policy of direct rule and selective release of interned suspects in large part to mollify the Catholic minority and dry up support for the I.R.A. gunmen. One indication that the policy was working was an excited and worried Provo reaction to the women's first public bid for peace.

Militant Fervor. On Maundy Thursday, Mrs. Martha Crawford, 39, mother of ten, was killed in a crossfire between snipers and British troops. In response, Andersonstown members of Belfast's nonsectarian Women Together—launched 18 months ago to combat violence—drew about 200 neighbors to a Catholic school hall last week to urge an end to the bombings and shootings.

Another 100 women sympathizers of the I.R.A. invaded the meeting with cries of "Traitors!" Said Mrs. Marie Drumm: "We are threatening nobody. But I would not advise anyone to hand over to the British army any boy who was on the run." The fervor of Ul-

ster's more militant Catholic women was also reflected in several columns of paid ads in Belfast's *Irish News* urging resistance by the hunger-striking detainees aboard the prison ship *Maidstone* in Belfast harbor (which the government ordered closed last week). Said one sample ad: "Hamill—to Frankie and comrades on your ninth day of hunger strike. They can intern the revolutionaries, but they can't intern the revolution. God bless you. From your mother-in-law and family."

Nonetheless, for the first time in several months, the I.R.A. had to justify itself to Northern Ireland's Catholics. Sean MacStiofáin, leader of the militant Provisionals in Dublin, slipped over the border to an I.R.A. meeting in Londonderry's Bogside and declared: "I hope to God that nationally minded women in the North will stand behind their men who are carrying on the fight."

But the momentum was gaining on the other side. William Cardinal Conway, Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, said in a radio broadcast that he would like to ask MacStiofáin, "What right have you to say, against the manifest feeling of the Irish people as a whole, that this [violence] should go on?" Londonderry M.P. John Hume, a leader of the Social Democratic and Labor Party, judged that "a solution can be negotiated now without shedding another drop of Irish blood." Derry units of the I.R.A. felt compelled to call a "Tell-the-People" meeting to explain their policies to the residents of barricaded Bogside and Creggan.

The pressure was beginning to tell, and Ulster was relatively calmer last week—though only by the violent standards of recent months. One soldier was shot to death on the edge of Belfast's Ballymurphy district. British troops

THE WORLD

dropped from helicopters and fought an inconclusive, hour-long battle with I.R.A. gunmen hidden in a hedgerow near Londonderry. Not a day passed without at least one bomb explosion. Belfast had three last Wednesday. Later in the week a garage that might have been a clandestine bomb factory blew up, killing three persons. Another bomb blew out doors and windows in Belfast's luxurious Europa Hotel. But there was a marked drop in civilian casualties, partly because of a province-wide parking ban—decreed by the Stormont government before it resigned—which countered the I.R.A.'s murderous tactic of leaving gelignite-laden cars in shopping areas.

British Price. On the Protestant side, rampaging gangs of youths set fire to a Catholic school; the extremist Ulster Vanguard also pushed ahead with plans for a rent strike and a campaign to deface Irish money, which circulates freely in Ulster. But tougher tactics seemed unlikely. Belfast's shipyard managers bluntly told the workers that they would stand for no more political strikes—the yards are financially too indebted to the British government. From London, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, pointedly reminded Ulstermen that "there is a price for being British, and that is loyalty to the British Parliament." Subsidies to Northern Ireland, he noted, cost Britain \$390 million a year.

Britain's proconsul in Northern Ireland, William Whitelaw, meanwhile set up shop in Stormont Castle. He released a first batch of 47 of the 728 men interned without trial, plus another 26 who had been held for investigation. That drew a brisk response from Belfast's Protestant women, who sent a delegation to Stormont to protest the release.

But if Britain last week seemed to be gaining a psychological edge over the violent men of Ulster, all sides were sharply reminded of how easily the balance could tip the other way. Reporting on the 1969 communal battles that

MRS. MARIE DRUMM



WOMEN SUPPORTERS OF I.R.A. TAUNTING BRITISH TROOPS LAST FALL



THE WORLD

set off Northern Ireland's wave of violence, a judicial commission headed by High Court Judge Sir Leslie Scarman found no organized conspiracy, but rather a series of errors on each side that were cumulatively deadly in effect. "Catholics and Protestants," said the commission, "were haunted by the same ghosts, and retreated in fear to their respective ghettos while attributing to each other the responsibility for the blame." All too easily, that could happen again.

SOVIET UNION

Solzhenitsyn Speaks Out

They decided to suffocate me. The plan is to either drive me out of society or out of the country, throw me in a ditch or drive me to Siberia, or have me dissolve in an "alien tag."

Despite the intensity of a campaign of vilification by Soviet authorities, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Russia's Nobel-prize-winning novelist, for years refused to discuss with foreigners the charges against him. His best-known works (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *Cancer Ward*, *The First Circle*) deal mainly with the victims of Stalinist terror. Last week, in a dramatic departure from his earlier reticence, Solzhenitsyn talked with two Western newsmen about his own precarious existence under an increasingly hostile regime. Said he: "A kind of forbidden contaminated zone has been created around my family."

As the writer spoke to the Washington Post's Robert G. Kaiser and the New York Times' Hedrick Smith in the Moscow apartment of his attractive second wife, Natalya, 32, he frequently consulted with her about whether to answer certain questions. She, in turn, often glanced at the ceiling, to indicate that electronic listening devices were undoubtedly recording the conversation. During the interview, the couple's 15-month-old son Yermolai played happily on the floor.

Ominous Charge. Over berry juice and a homemade fruitcake, Solzhenitsyn complained that, among other things, he was continually being spied upon, that his visitors were harassed and intimidated, and that his wife had been fired from her post as a mathematician at the Institute of the International Workers Movement. He also declared that his efforts to collect research for a new book called *October 1916* were handicapped by officials. "You Westerners cannot imagine my situation," he said. "I live in my own country. I write a novel about Russia. But it is as hard for me to gather material as if I were writing about Polynesia."

Solzhenitsyn's decision to hold his first major interview ever with Western correspondents was undoubtedly caused by his fear of a Soviet propa-



NOVELIST SOLZHENITSYN WITH WIFE NATALYA & 15-MONTH-OLD SON
A precarious existence under a hostile regime.

ganda campaign against him, which has grown stronger in recent months. The most ominous charge made is that he collaborated with the Nazis during World War II. According to Solzhenitsyn, this slander has been repeated by agitprop lecturers at closed meetings in schools, government offices, factories and military units throughout Russia. "Behind closed doors you can make a gullible people believe any lie," said Solzhenitsyn, a former artillery captain who was decorated three times for bravery. "They say, Solzhenitsyn gave himself up to the Germans—no, he surrendered a whole battery. Even better, he worked right in the Gestapo."

Undaunted Spirit. Now the Soviet authorities are making the charge public, perhaps as prelude to criminal proceedings that might lead to Solzhenitsyn's arrest or his expulsion from the Soviet Union. In a recent review of his latest book—*August 1914*, which deals with the start of World War I—a critic writing in Moscow's *Literary Gazette* asserted that Solzhenitsyn had desired a Nazi victory in World War II. More important, at week's end the big trade union newspaper *Pravda*, which often reflects the views of Alexander Shelepin, former chief of the KGB (secret police), charged that Solzhenitsyn despised his homeland and sympathized with German militarism.

Solzhenitsyn, whose patriotism is perfectly apparent in his writings, apparently decided to counter these absurd charges by calling worldwide attention to the slanderous campaign against him. He candidly told the American newsmen that "times have changed. They can't abuse people any more without its becoming known." That was an obvious reference to the growth of informed Russian public

opinion through the circulation of *samizdat* (literally, self-publishing) newsletters and broadcasts by Radio Liberty and other foreign stations. Solzhenitsyn said he was jotting down the most striking charges against him and the names of his detractors. "Perhaps the day will come in our country when they will personally answer for them in court."

He added that, despite the pressures, creativity in Russian literature had not been extinguished. "It really never occurs to them," he said, "that a writer who thinks differently from the majority of society represents an asset to that society, and not a disgrace or a defect."

Solzhenitsyn spoke out only one week before he was to receive the medal and diploma of the Nobel Prize from Dr. Karl Ragnar Gierow, the secretary of the Swedish Academy. Gierow was to fly from Stockholm to hand them over to Solzhenitsyn in a modest ceremony in a private apartment in Moscow. It was a carefully arranged compromise: Solzhenitsyn had refused to go to Stockholm in 1970 to receive the award for fear the Soviets would not let him return, and Swedish Ambassador Gunnar Jarring later refused to allow a public presentation ceremony to take place in the Swedish embassy in Moscow for fear of offending Soviet leaders. Only a few days after Solzhenitsyn made his remarks, the Soviets rejected Gierow's application for a visa. But the refusal only heightened public concern abroad for Solzhenitsyn, who, seemingly undaunted, sent a telegram to the Swedish Academy. "Dear Gierow," he cabled. "The refusal of a visa means a ban against the presentation. Do not be sad. We can postpone it for many years. It is a shame, but not ours. I embrace you."

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CHILE

Fighting for Life

Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens is beginning to sound and act like a man who is fighting for his political life. In February, the Chilean Congress, which is dominated by the opposition Christian Democratic and National parties, passed a constitutional reform bill that would prohibit the President from nationalizing any more private firms without congressional approval. If it should become law, the ban would be retroactive to October 1971. Last week Allende angrily vetoed the bill. He further declared that if his veto were overridden, he would introduce a measure to dissolve the Congress, and if Congress refused to accept



PRESIDENT ALLENDE AT SANTIAGO HOME
Pressure from left and right.

that, he would take the matter to the people in a plebiscite.

Immediately, Allende's congressional support began to crack. Two Cabinet members, both from the Independent Radical Party, resigned. The party withdrew from Allende's Popular Unity coalition, thereby leaving the President with the backing of little more than a third of the two houses of Congress. If he should lose any more support, Allende would have considerable difficulty governing effectively.

In recent weeks, Allende has been under increasing pressure from both the right and the far left. Though he has recently refused permission for opposition groups to hold demonstrations, he agreed to allow a massive protest march by Christian Democrats and Nationalists this week on the eve of a U.N. Conference on Trade and Development in Santiago. In southern Chile, illegal land seizures inspired by MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left) have continued at the rate of between 60 and 100 per month. Allende has spoken out against

the seizures, but in order to avoid antagonizing his supporters on the extreme left, he has not called out the police to stop them.

Allende's political predicament has been accentuated by economic problems. Inflation is continuing at an alarming rate. Shortages of goods are getting worse. Meat is sold in markets only two days a week. Without much success, Allende has urged the beef-loving Chileans to eat more rabbit and fish.

Pinheads. At the same time, Allende has been trying to shore up his country's international credit rating. He has begun to make token payments on some of Chile's obligations to foreign firms, including the Anaconda Co., which last week dropped court-ordered liens against certain Chilean properties—including holdings of LAN-Chile, the state airline—with assets in the U.S. Allende has also paid at least half of the \$2.2 million in interest due the Boise Cascade Corp., which owned an electric company that was sold to the Chilean government in 1970. In Paris, no agreement has been reached with the 16 nations to whom Chile owes \$2.5 billion (including more than \$1 billion to the U.S.). Although the 16 creditors turned down a Chilean request for a three-year moratorium on debt payments and a stretch-out over the succeeding ten years, they reported slight progress and agreed to meet again next week.

In the midst of so many problems, the ITT affair (TIME, April 3) strengthened Allende's position at home, and the Chilean Congress launched an investigation into foreign interference in the country's affairs. Presumably, the Congress would not stop Allende from nationalizing ITT's properties in Chile, which include two Sheraton hotels and a cable company. By the hundreds, Chileans were snapping up a little black paperback entitled *Documentos Secretos de la ITT* (Secret Documents of ITT). For the most part, the government-sponsored book is a straightforward collection of the Jack Anderson memos alleging that ITT officials worked to prevent Allende from taking office in 1970. The official translators, though, could not resist one pointed gibe. On page 12, the term Foggy Bottom, a traditional way of referring to the U.S. State Department, is defined as "the nickname applied to a group of incompetent pinheads."

ZANZIBAR

Death at Sunset

Early one evening last week, Sheik Aheid Karume, 67, the burly, leftist strongman of the spice islands of Zanzibar, sat down to play cards and sip bitter coffee with his cronies in the white-walled building in Zanzibar Town that served as headquarters of his Afro-Shirazi Party. Shortly after sunset, two cars pulled up outside, and four men armed

with automatic weapons and revolvers jumped out.

Then, according to eyewitnesses, they burst into the building and sprayed gunfire at the cardplayers, killing Sheik Karume instantly. Karume's bodyguard shot one of the attackers dead, and the driver of one car was captured; the others escaped. Throughout the night, troops combed the island's clove and coconut plantations, and gunboats patrolled the coral-reef waters lest the assassins should try to reach the mainland by bhow or dugout.

A former merchant mariner who bore an uncanny resemblance to the late Heavyweight Boxer Sonny Liston, Karume came to power in a black-led revolution that overthrew the islands' Arab sultan in January 1964. Zanzibar, which lies 24 miles off the East African coast,

PHOTO BY RAYMOND LAMBERT



SHEIK AHEID KARUME (1965)
A law unto themselves.

united with mainland Tanganyika three months later to form the United Republic of Tanzania. The islands retained their own army and remained a tyrannical law unto themselves. Karume, a Moslem, became First Vice President of the union under Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere; in practice he remained the sole ruler of Zanzibar and rarely visited, or bothered with, the mainland.

Sheik Karume was a cruel, erratic but folksy despot. His rule was characterized by conspiracy trials, summary executions of his political opponents, and Byzantine factional fights within the ruling Revolutionary Council.

It was no great surprise that Karume was killed, since he had been the target of at least a dozen previous assassination attempts. At week's end, though, it was not yet clear which of the Sheik's many enemies had taken their revenge, or whether the assassination would lead to another period of prolonged violence and factional infighting on what tourist posters used to describe as the "Clove-Scented Isles."



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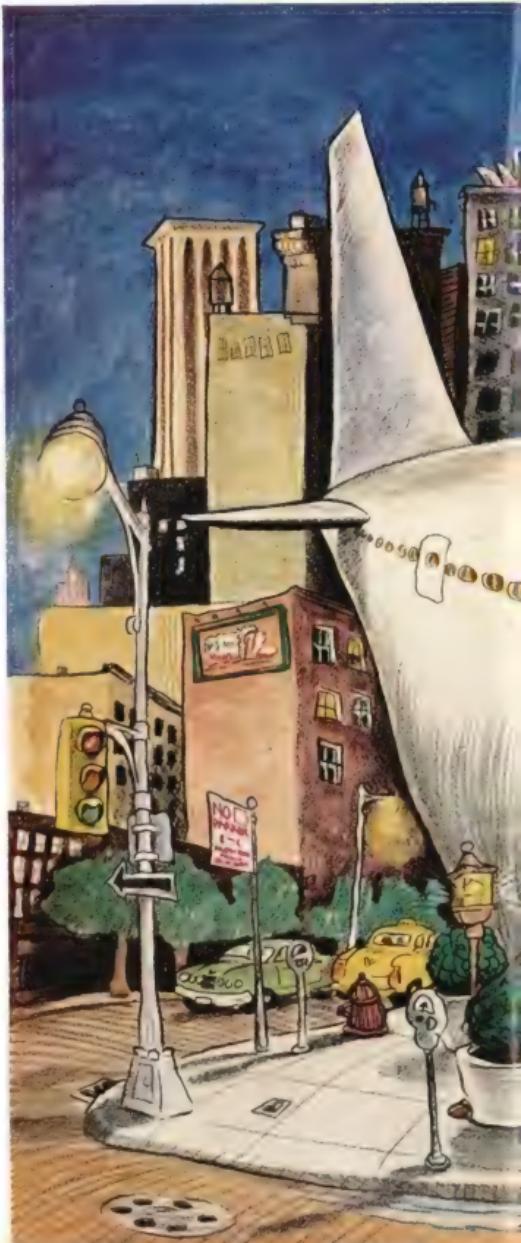
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Before

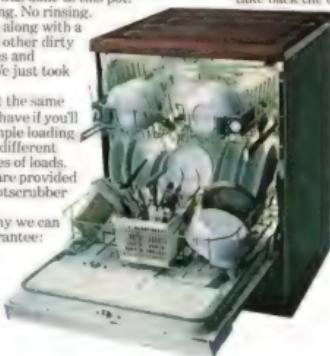
After

The pot on the left has the remains of a baked bean casserole.

The unretouched picture on the right is the same pot after it has been scrubbed with the brushless water action of one of our Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub Cycle. Nothing else was done to this pot. No prescraping. No rinsing. We washed it along with a full load of 88 other dirty dishes, glasses and silverware. We just took its picture.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Our Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub Cycle are models SC850N, SC860N, SD850N, SD860N. Also models SC600N and SD600N available after April 1, 1972.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Job with a Needle

U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim last week appointed a Chinese official to the post of Under Secretary for Political Affairs and Decolonization. This was more than the symbolic recognition of a new member's importance. Waldheim was following the almost inviolate tradition that each of the Big Five nations is entitled to a top-level post in the U.N. Secretariat.

The new Under Secretary is Tang Ming-chao, 62, an American-educated diplomat who edited a newspaper in New York's Chinatown before returning to his homeland in 1950. In his new post, Tang will be involved with the work of the U.N. Trusteeship Council. He will thereby be in a position to press for the independence of the world's remaining colonial territories.

At first, the Chinese had been unenthusiastic about the job, perhaps because its franchise overlaps that of the Under Secretary for Political and Security Council Affairs, who happens to be the Soviet Union's Leonid Kutev. But in the end they accepted, apparently deciding that the new post would strengthen their influence in Africa and Asia—and give them a chance to needle Western powers on colonial issues.

Isles of Ill Feeling

The general atmosphere of distrust between Japan and the U.S. is so great today that even the seemingly unimportant issues can set off new tremors of ill feeling. A case in point is the fate of the tiny Senkaku Islands, which lie between Okinawa and Taiwan (see map).

The Senkakus have been claimed by the Japanese since 1894. For the past 27 years they have been administered by the U.S., and they are due to be returned to Japanese control, along with the Ryukyus, on May 15. The problem is that the islands are now being claimed, as ancient Chinese territory, by both Peking and Taipei.



The Japanese expected the U.S., as a matter of course, to uphold their ownership of the Senkakus as it has done in the past. Instead, Washington last month suggested that rival claims to the islands "should be settled by the parties themselves." What this means, the State Department insists, is merely that the Chinese should address their claims directly to Tokyo. Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato and many of his colleagues took the ambiguous message to mean that the U.S. was willing to sacrifice their interests if necessary because it did not want to offend Taipei or Peking.

The Senkakus themselves, which are tiny, rocky and uninhabited, would seem to be an odd subject for such a dispute. But according to a recently published U.N. survey, they may well be surrounded by a vast offshore oilfield in which Tokyo, Peking and Taipei are all exceedingly interested.

Shock and Possibilities

Political shock waves from King Hussein's proposal to reunite Jordan and the Israeli-occupied West Bank are still reverberating through the Middle East. Last week, Egypt abruptly broke off diplomatic relations with Jordan. President Anwar Sadat hinted that he might also close Egyptian airspace to Jordanian aircraft, thereby cutting off the kingdom's only access to the Mediterranean and Europe.

One reason for the drastic move was Hussein's feeling that the Hussein proposal is virtually identical with the Allon Plan—a peace settlement put forward in 1967 by Israel's Deputy Premier Yigal Allon. Although there are major differences between the plans, both envision the creation of an autonomous Palestine federated to Jordan and the return of Jerusalem's Arab sector to Jordanian control.

Despite Egypt's angered action last week, all hope is not lost for Hussein's proposal. Washington regards it as a possible basis for further negotiations. One Israeli official who is particularly impressed by the plan is Allon, who last week told TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin that he was prepared to make further (but unspecified) "compromises" of his own proposal to speed final agreement. "We have peace," said Allon, "but without a peace treaty."

Egypt's Open Secret

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's personal distaste for his Russian allies has long been one of the worst-kept secrets in the Arab world. Sadat is not given to making his private views public. But observers close to the Cairo scene report that Egyptian-Soviet relations are now at their lowest point since Sadat's Cabinet purge last year, when he first realized the full extent of Russian infiltration of Egypt's political and administrative apparatus.

In part, the antagonism reflects a



SADAT (RIGHT) & PREMIER KOSYGIN (1970)
Also, substantive disagreements.

conflict in styles. The elegant Egyptian President, whose tastes in tailoring run to Savile Row suits, finds the Russians crude and boorish. But there are substantive disagreements as well. Sadat's disillusionment grew after his visit to Moscow last February. There he discovered that the Kremlin was not prepared to deliver on all of his hefty requests for more arms. Sadat, moreover, resents playing the role of broker for Russian interests elsewhere in the Arab world. His trips to such vocally anti-Communist states as Libya and the Sudan, where he has recently tried to patch up the tattered Russian image, are known to anger him deeply.

Crackdown in Turkey

Two weeks ago, three NATO radar technicians—two Britons and a Canadian—were kidnapped, then murdered in a remote shack in North Central Turkey by members of a small extremist organization called the Turkish People's Liberation Army. Turkish soldiers waiting outside retaliated instantly by killing ten of the eleven terrorists inside with rockets and rifle bullets.

The most immediate response to the atrocity was a harsh crackdown on leftist radicals. Last week the government arrested more than 100 university students in Ankara and threatened to close down the schools if sympathy demonstrations for the terrorists continued.

Reflecting the army's impatience with the terrorists, President Cevdet Sunay, a former general, called for an end to "political discussions and conflicts" and asked parliament to give the government "general authority" to issue laws by decree. All four major parties refused, giving rise to fears that Turkey might be heading toward another impasse between the armed forces and the politicians.

Off to the Highlands

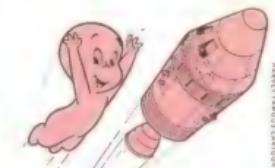
Despite man's daring exploration of the lunar surface, the enigmatic moon still conceals the story of its origin and evolution. In fact, the findings of the Apollo astronauts have created new lunar mysteries. Says Apollo 16 Command Module Pilot Ken Mattingly: "The first four landing missions have really posed more questions about the moon than they've answered."

Some of the questions may be resolved by the flight of Apollo 16, scheduled to lift off from Cape Kennedy on Sunday, April 16. The spacecraft will carry Mattingly and his two crewmates, John Young and Charles Duke, on the fifth—and next to last—scheduled U.S. expedition to the moon. It may also be the most exciting. While Mattingly performs experiments in lunar orbit aboard the command ship *Casper*,* Young and

*Named by Mattingly after "the friendly ghost" of cartoon fame, because, he says, the TV images of astronauts on the moon look like apparitions.

Duke will descend in the lunar module *Orion* (after the constellation), explore the surface for 21 hours and collect a record 195 lbs. of rocks. What will make these explorations even more scientifically interesting is their site: the lunar highlands, considered the moon's oldest and most rugged terrain.

Incredible Geology. Touchdown will take place on an undulating mountain-ringed plain near the large crater Descartes (named in honor of the 17th century French philosopher and mathematician). The region is farther south of the lunar equator and at a higher elevation than any earlier landing site (about 8,000 ft. above Apollo 11's Tranquility Base, 150 miles to the northeast). Far more significant is the geological diversity of the landing area. It may contain three basically different types of material: 1) original crustal rock dating back to the moon's birth some 4.6 billion years ago; 2) a layer that was melted and then hardened after the great asteroid impacts that created such



CASPER & NAMESAKE

large features as the Sea of Rains nearly a billion years later; and 3) more recent lava flows, possibly produced by the eruption of volcanoes. Explains Caltech Geologist Eugene Shoemaker: "The geology of the lunar highlands is incredibly difficult and complex, far more so than the earth's."

Like the Apollo 15 astronauts who toured the mountainous terrain near Hadley Rille last summer, Young and Duke will have the services of a lunar rover equipped with an earth-controlled color-TV camera. The rover's seat belts have been redesigned to anchor passengers more comfortably during the jouncing ride in the moon's weak gravity. The electric drilling equipment that caused Apollo 15 Astronaut Dave Scott to grunt and curse as he tried to cut into the lunar soil has been modified. Other improvements include: new foods (ham steak, fruit desserts), special drugs and liquids to compensate for the effects of weightlessness, and more efficient waste and toilet collection bags.

New scientific activities have been added. The lunar module will carry on its side special plates designed to detect cosmic rays. Young and Duke will operate a newly designed \$2,000,000 electronic camera that can "photograph" ultraviolet radiation from distant stars, galaxies and giant intergalactic gas clouds, as well as the ultraviolet glow round the earth. In addition, the astronauts will set up four remote-controlled grenades that will be fired later by signals from earth and send sound waves through the moon's interior to help determine its structure.

Unfolding Rover. Young and Duke are scheduled to begin their first EVA (extravehicular activity) on Thursday, April 20, at 7:19 p.m. E.S.T., some 3½ hours after their landing on the moon. They are so confident of Apollo's systems that they will not bother to collect the familiar "contingency sample"—a few specimens of lunar rock quickly gathered by previous Apollo crews immediately upon emerging from the lunar module in event their mission had to be abruptly curtailed. Instead, Young and Duke will use the precious time to set up their equipment and experiments, unfold their car from its Murphy-bed-like perch on the side of the lunar module, and then take off on a brief spin, ranging as far west as two small craters that they have named Spook and Flag. Young will put the rover through a driving test that includes "Grand Prix maneuvers" to determine



Apollo's Crew: A Study in Contrasts

LIKE all the other astronauts who have made the long trip to the moon, Apollo 16's crew members have one ability in common: they are highly competent jet pilots. Yet in temperament, personal interests and space-flight experience, they are as different as lunar night and day.

CAPTAIN JOHN W. YOUNG, U.S.N., 41, Apollo 16's commander, has served on more space crews than any other astronaut. In 1965, along with the late Gus Grissom, Young made three orbits of the earth aboard the first manned Gemini flight. One year later, he commanded the Gemini 10 mission, and in 1969 flew within nine miles of the moon's surface aboard Apollo 10's command module. Young was also a back-up crewman for Gemini 6, Apollo 7 and the ill-starred Apollo 13; in all, he has been undergoing intensive flight training continuously for seven years. That arduous routine contributed to the breakup of his marriage: the father of two, he was quietly divorced from his first wife, Barbara, last summer and has since married Susy Feldman, a pretty 29-year-old secretary. Through it all, Young has maintained a highly dedicated, no-nonsense attitude toward space flight. When a NASA geologist hu-

morously suggested that he scrawl "Beat Army" in the lunar dust, Young replied: "I'll stomp out any words you want except 'Help.'"

LIEUT. COLONEL CHARLES M. DUKE JR., U.S.A.F., 36, who will accompany Young to the surface of the moon, makes an ideal foil for his more taciturn skipper. Born and reared in the Carolinas, the easygoing space rookie still speaks in a casual drawl. He has also managed to achieve a space first of sorts. He asked for—and got—grits (dehydrated) on his breakfast menu for this month's moon trip. But Duke's playfulness is deceptive. He was class valedictorian in prep school (Admiral Farragut Academy, St. Petersburg, Fla.), graduated with honors from the U.S. Naval Academy and later earned a master's degree in aeronautics and astronautics from M.I.T. Married and the father of two boys, he is also the only Apollo 16 crewman who openly made a point of listing reading as a hobby in his official biography.

LIEUT. COMMANDER THOMAS KENNETH MATTINGLY II, U.S.N., 36, the command-module pilot, has been the most conscientious member of the Apollo 16 crew during preflight training. With good reason, he leaves nothing to chance. Shortly before he was scheduled to make his first space flight aboard Apollo 13 two years ago, the longtime bachelor (he finally married in 1970) was accidentally exposed to the German measles. Because Mattingly had never had the disease or been immunized against it, NASA replaced him as command-module pilot rather than risk the first case of measles in space. Mattingly, who stayed behind and helped devise the emergency procedures that saved his Apollo 13 crewmates from disaster, remained in glowing good health. He does not have to be reminded about who exposed him to the disease: it was Charlie Duke, his Apollo 16 crewmate, who had contracted the disease from the children of Houston friends.



ASTRONAUTS YOUNG, MATTINGLY & DUKE

the capabilities of the vehicle before returning to *Orion* to end the first seven-hour FVA.

The second and longer moon ride will begin Friday, April 21, at 5:44 p.m., E.S.T. Heading south, the astronauts will travel up to 2½ miles from *Orion*—as far as they could walk if the rover broke down. Again, they will frequently stop along their winding path to pick up geological samples. Finally, after reaching the bottom slopes of 1,600-ft. Stone Mountain, they will return to *Orion* for the night.

On Saturday, at 5:19 p.m., E.S.T., Young and Duke will make their third

and final lunar tour. The excursion will take them northward as far as a large feature called Smoky Mountain. Although this trip, too, will be largely devoted to geological investigation, it will also include another "Grand Prix" to discover any changes in the rover's performance after the three-day stay on the moon. Their lunar work done, Young and Duke will then pack up for the night. Next day they will lift off from the moon's surface, rendezvous with Mattingly aboard *Casper* and prepare for the long voyage home. Splashdown should be in the central Pacific near Christmas Island on Friday, April 28.

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Play Ball!

For 95 years, the opening of the major league baseball season has been as much an American rite of spring as viewing the cherry blossoms in Washington. To sentimentalists, the first crack of bat against ball is a sweet sound heard across the nation. To every President since William Howard Taft, opening day has also meant a chance to toss out the first ball and make a hit with the fans. But this year's scheduled opening came and went last week with no hits, no runs, no President, and one called strike.

Under the circumstances, that one strike was sufficient to retire all the players in big-league baseball. Deadlocked in a dispute with club owners over pension-fund payments, they boycotted all of the scheduled major league games. Across the country, stadiums, freshly "in fact, President Nixon had not planned to attend the opener, which for the first time in 50 years was not scheduled to take place in Washington, D.C." Reason: Washington no longer has a major league team.

PLAYERS' SPOKESMAN MARVIN MILLER



CALIFORNIA KIDS WATCH DODGERS WORKING OUT AT MAR VISTA PLAYGROUND



mowed (or, in the case of those with artificial turf, vacuumed) in anticipation of the start of the new season, stood empty and silent.

John Allyn, president of the Chicago White Sox, for one, permitted his striking players to practice at their home field. In some cities, youngsters were treated to rare closeups of their favorite stars trying to keep in shape on public parks and school diamonds. It was like the bush leagues. In Los Angeles, a group of wide-eyed boys turned their playground over to Frank Robinson, Maury Wills and other Dodgers. The big-leaguers went through a vigorous workout, using an overturned picnic table as a screen. In Atlanta, another bunch of kids joyfully shagged balls for Home Run Hero Hank Aaron and other Braves at Marietta School. Boston Red Sox players tried to stay in shape by working out at Harvard Stadium.

Eleven Hawks. Neither the players, who were not receiving any salaries, nor the owners, who were not selling any tickets, programs, hot dogs or broadcasts, were particularly happy about the strike. The players tried to effect a compromise, paring down their demands; but the 24 owners, dominated by eleven who are considered hawks, seemed as unwilling to give ground as a .400 hitter facing an 0-5 pitcher.

"All you hear from the players nowadays is gimme, gimme, gimme and threat, threat, threat. I'm getting sick and tired of it," complained Oakland Athletics Owner Charles Finley, who has been devoting much of his energy lately to a contract hassle with Pitcher Vida Blue. Other owners reflected the same hard line. Declared Beer Baron Gussie Busch, owner of the St. Louis

Cardinals: "We're not going to give another damn cent. And if they want to strike, let them strike." Gene Autry, the former cowboy film star who now owns the California Angels, said: "If I have to, I can still kick that horse out of the barn and make it that way."

In an effort to get the negotiations going again, Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, proposed a plan that he said would not cost the owners a "damn cent" more. To meet player demands for a 17% cost of living increase in the pension plan, Miller suggested using an existing surplus in the pension fund, which is financed out of revenue from network television receipts. The owners refused and turned down a later proposal that the players return to work for two or three weeks while negotiations were going on. They objected to a clause that would have required them to submit the dispute to binding arbitration if these negotiations failed.

Thwarted again, the players decided to file unfair labor practice charges with the National Labor Relations Board. Said Brooks Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles: "The only thing I can figure out is they want to bring us to our knees and break us." Added Larry Dierker of the Houston Astros: "This is some kind of plan to either kill the players' group or get rid of Marvin Miller. Miller has been very tough and the owners don't like him. They've always been able to get tough with the players in the past and there wasn't anything the players could do about it. Now, for the first time, we have a little say in things."

Beneficent Plan. A longtime economics expert with the United Steelworkers of America, Miller has won considerable gains for the baseball players since he was hired to represent them in 1966. He has to his credit an increase in minimum pay to \$13,500 from the 1969 level of \$6,000, and the existing pension plan, which is clearly among the most beneficial in the nation. At age 45, a player who has spent as little as four years in the major leagues is eligible to receive \$174.34 a month for life; if he waits until he reaches 65 before beginning to collect, he can get \$618.04 a month. The benefits increase notably for players who have had long big-league careers.

Thus the owners may well be concerned about what Miller will ask for when their basic agreement with their teams is renegotiated later this year. They could be making a show of their own strength while testing the resolve of the players. While the owners have the support of many fans envious of the \$100,000-plus salaries of stars, many of the 600 major league players in fact earn less than \$20,000 for a 162-game season.

At week's end, nobody seemed to know how long the strike would continue. And even Richard Nixon, the nation's No. 1 sports fan, showed no desire to play umpire.

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1971
Phone Rates
Up 8%
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ENVIRONMENT

A Sense of Place

Go out to walk with a painter and you shall see for the first time groups, colors, clouds and keepings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Few Americans get the opportunity to have their eyes opened by such a hike. The painter's vision can nonetheless be shared, reasons a New York artist named Alan Gussow. Backed by a leading environmental group, Friends of the Earth, he has just produced a handsome coffee-table book entitled *A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land* (Saturday Review Press; \$27.50). It juxtaposes 67 American landscapes, painted from the 16th century to the present, with a description of what moved each artist to select the scene. The result is astonishingly successful; no careful reader should see art—or nature—in the same way again.

Gussow defines an artist's chosen landscape as "a piece of the whole environment that has been claimed by feelings." It has always been thus, even when the U.S. was a complete wilderness and artists were merely its sensitive surveyors. In 1585, for example, John White was sent to the New World

to "bring back descriptions of beasts, birds, fishes, trees, towns, etc." His watercolor of Indians fishing in Virginia gives not only the basic facts but the artist's response as well—enchantment.

As the East grew populous, George Harvey felt that man-made structures like lighthouses enhanced their natural surroundings by emphatically signaling progress. But the prevailing mood changed to awe as Americans pushed westward, and it reached a climax in Albert Bierstadt's enormous canvas of the Rocky Mountains. Almost Wagnerian in scope—soaring peaks, resounding cataracts, blazing shafts of sunlight—it shows nature completely overwhelming insignificant man. On a lesser note, such painters as Jasper Francis Cropsey saw nature as a metaphor for God and respectively depicted people as tiny objects in glorious settings.

By now, that relationship has been largely reversed or obscured. Even so, a number of contemporary artists still take an intimate view of the land. Paul Resika discovers "the light of sentiment" in the long summer twilight of Cape Cod. Jane Wilson is fascinated by the "weight of the sky" in Iowa. Other painters look ever more closely around them. Alan Gussow discerns a universe

in Atlantic tidal pools; in a bunch of wild flowers, Ann Poor sees Maine's rocky land, autumn, perfection.

What is the environment of the future? Sidney Goodman gives one alternative in a minatory view of Manhattan's towers: technological civilization, the painting seems to say, has finally overwhelmed nature. But such an outcome is by no means inevitable. Any place that has been charted by a man's awareness and reverence stands a good chance of being saved. The book thus offers a gentle means of seeing nature whole and a plea to respect it wholly.

Rescuing Rivers

Blame environmentalism for the fact that federal agencies can no longer get things done in the old, unquestioned way. The Atomic Energy Commission's proposed nuclear power plants, the Interior Department's plans to lease drilling rights to offshore oil deposits, Corps of Engineers' waterway projects—all these schemes are collecting dust on bureaucrats' shelves.

Forcing the new delays and difficulties is the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which requires federal agencies to publish detailed statements describing the expected impact of any proposed project on its natural surroundings. Last week, that mandate caught up with the Agriculture Department's Soil Conservation Service. As a result, the SCS is modifying its ambitious plans to "channelize" up to 150,000 miles of U.S. waterways. Channelization means widening, deepening, and straightening streams to speed the runoff of rain and melting snow in order to prevent flooding. First bulldozers growl alongside a creek, shoving aside trees and shrubs as they clear a swath up to 100 feet wide on each bank. Then come the draglines, their heads dipping methodically to gouge the new, deeper watercourse.

In this fashion, bucolic streams have been turned into open culverts. Consider Gilbert River Run, a shady, trout-filled stream that used to meander through Maryland. After being channelized it runs straight as a highway; its waters almost bereft of fish and its banks barren of trees. The same fate has befallen Alabama's Granny Branch, Arkansas' Flat Creek, Georgia's Little Tallapoosa River, and thousands of miles of other American brooks.

Aquatic Disaster. Ironically, the Soil Conservation Service was one of the Federal Government's earliest environmental champions. Founded in the mid-1930s, it set about repairing the ravages of the great Dust Bowl in the Midwest by introducing farmers to contour plowing, planting trees as windbreaks and other means of controlling erosion. Its motto: "Hold the raindrop where it falls."

The SCS then moved to hold down floods, too, through channelization. At first, few minded. Farmers gained new

"LIGHTHOUSES ON THE HIGHLANDS OF NEVERSINK," BY GEORGE HARVEY (ca. 1830)



"AUTUMN, GREENWOOD LAKE," BY JASPER FRANCIS CROPSEY (1866)



ENVIRONMENT

arable acreage from what was once use-
less bottom land, developers won new
building sites, and construction workers
had new jobs. The SCS planned chan-
nelization projects by the hundreds.

But as the ecology-conscious 1970s
began, some people wondered whether
the new ditches did not simply send
flood waters downstream, relaying the
damage. The Interior Department's Na-
thanial Reed, Assistant Secretary for
Fish and Wildlife and Parks, found evi-
dence of the impact of channelization
on local ecosystems. After ditching, he
told a congressional subcommittee last
summer, an acre of Mississippi's Tippah
River, which used to support an average
of 241 lbs. of fish, supported only 4.4 lbs.
Moreover, silt is swept downstream,
where it cuts off sunlight in the water
and destroys food chains—an "aquatic



CHANNELIZING CREEK IN NORTH CAROLINA
A change in emphasis.

version of the Dust Bowl disaster." In vain, conservation groups sug-
gested less disruptive alternatives where possible, such as building levees behind stream banks or prohibiting use of flood plains through zoning. Seeking redress in court, they argued before a North Carolina federal judge that despite an SCS review of the environmental effects of its pending projects, the agency was still violating the 1969 Act. In a key de-
cision last month, the judge agreed with them and ruled that the SCS should issue the required statements.

Pressed further by the Interior De-
partment and the Council on Environ-
mental Quality, the SCS has decided to
conduct the necessary environmental
studies for hundreds of ecologically
questionable channelization projects.
"We aren't out to channelize every-
thing," says SCS Administrator Kenneth
Grant. "We're taking an approach with
a stress on an absolute minimum en-
vironmental impact."

MILESTONES

Died. Gil Hodges, 47, New York
Mets manager; of a heart attack; in
West Palm Beach, Fla. Fresh from the
Marines, Hodges rejoined the Brooklyn
Dodgers in 1947 and in the next 17 sea-
sons established a reputation for grace-
ful fielding at first base and timely long-
ball hitting. He set a National League
record for grand-slam home runs (14)
that still stands. After managing the
Washington Senators for five years, he
returned to New York to take over the
hapless, tenth-place Mets. The next sea-
son Hodges led his team to the 1969
pennant and an upset World Series vic-
tory over the Baltimore Orioles.

Died. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., 63,
once one of the nation's most powerful
black leaders (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Buford Ellington, 64, former
Governor of Tennessee; of a heart at-
tack; in Boca Raton, Fla. A country boy
whose ambition was the Methodist min-
istry, Ellington became an ally of Governor
Frank Clement and a power in conser-
vative Democratic politics. After suc-
cessfully managing two of Clement's cam-
paigns, Ellington in 1959 succeeded
his friend in the Governor's chair. In
1965 Lyndon Johnson appointed him
Director of the Office of Emergency
Planning, but Ellington served less than
a year before quitting to run again, suc-
cessfully, for Governor. As a favorite
son presidential candidate, he promoted
Southern support for Hubert Hum-
phrey at the 1968 convention.

Died. Hodding Carter, 65, newspar-
per editor and Deep South champion
of civil rights; of a heart attack; in
Greenville, Miss. With only \$367, Carter
and his wife set up a small dairy in
Hammond, La., in 1932 and began doing
battle with the state's powerful Senator,
Huey Long. Though sometimes re-
duced to trading advertising space for
food, Carter managed to survive Long's
attempt to legislate the paper out of
business. A year after Long's assassi-
nation, Carter started a new paper in
Greenville, then bought out his only rival
to form the *Delta Democrat-Times*. Carter's editorial attacks on racial in-
justice earned him many admirers
around the nation and many foes closer
to home. In 1946 he won the Pulitzer
Prize for editorial writing.

Died. Brian Donlevy, 69, barrel-
chested Hollywood heavy for three de-
cades; of cancer; in Woodland Hills, Calif.
The son of an Irish whisky distiller, Donlevy joined General John Pershing's Mexican border expedition as a bugler when only 13, then lied about his age again to become a pilot in World
War I. A walk-on part in a 1924 Broad-
way play led to larger roles and his eventual move to Hollywood in the mid-'30s.

There he established the tough-guy im-
age epitomized by his portrayal of the
brutal sergeant in *Beau Geste*.

Died. Heinrich Lübke, 77, Pres-
ident of West Germany for a decade; in
Bonn. Elected to the Prussian parlia-
ment in 1931, Lübke openly opposed
the Nazis. This led to his dismissal from
office and nearly two years' imprison-
ment. After the war he became Agri-
culture Minister and played an impor-
tant role in the rehabilitation of German
farming. In 1959 Lübke was elected
West Germany's second President, a
largely ceremonial post. His reputa-
tion as a somewhat maladroit public figure
made him the target of amiable rail-
lery from younger Germans. Accusations
that he had participated in the build-
ing of death-camp barracks drew more
serious attacks in 1968. Lübke ap-
peared on television to emphatically deny
the charges, but retired under pres-
sure the following year.

Died. Ferdinand ("Ferde") Ru-
dolph von Grofé, 80, American com-
poser and arranger, whose 1931 *Grand
Canyon Suite* became a minor classic; in
Santa Monica, Calif. Son of a German
vaudevillian, Grofé left home at 14 to
play the piano in California mining
camps and bordello. He scored many
of Paul Whiteman's biggest hits of the
'20s and, with Whiteman, developed the
orchestral style known as symphonic jazz.
In 1924 George Gershwin brought
Grofé the pencil manuscript of a new
piano composition, and in ten days
Grofé orchestrated *Rhapsody in Blue*.
Grofé's own, less memorable compo-
sitions (*Tahloid Suite*, *Aviation Suite*,
Death Valley Suite) evoked images of Amer-
icanana with a variety of audio ef-
fects that included bells, fog horns and
barking dogs.

Died. Franz Halder, 87, chief strat-
egist of the German army in the early
years of World War II; of a heart at-
tack; in Aschau, West Germany. Scion
of a military family, Halder rose steadily
through Wehrmacht ranks, and by
1935 was responsible for the coordina-
tion of Germany's air, sea and land forces.
As chief of the Army General Staff,
he was the principal architect of Hitler's blitzkrieg in Poland, France, the
Balkans and Russia. Then he and Hitler
split over strategy on the Russian
front; Halder dissented from the ap-
proach that led to the Stalingrad defeat
and the disagreement ended in his
forced retirement in 1942. Two years
later he was implicated in the attempt
on Hitler's life and confined to a con-
centration camp. Halder's anti-Hitler
history saved him from prosecution at
Nürnberg, and he later received the U.S.
Army's highest civilian award for his
work with its historical department.

1972 bumper tests:

Bumpers are better but still can't take a 5 mph bump with no damage to car.

Popular 1972 sedans and compacts were crashed into a barrier at 5 mph—walking speed. In both front- and rear-end crashes results were the same: bumpers still don't protect cars from damage.

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n-Dimensional Reality

In his time, the Dutch artist Maurits Cornelis Escher seemed a cultural anomaly. He loathed modern art—"I consider 60% of the artists nuts and fakes," he said of Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum—and was duly ignored by it. For most of his working life, critics dismissed him as a pedantic illustrator. Born in 1898, Escher was 52 before his tightly executed woodcuts, lithographs and engravings began to attract even a crumb of attention. A retiring, ironic man with the bony nose and goat beard of an El Greco prelate, Escher took no part in art debates, lived quietly in a village outside Amsterdam, and made few claims for his work. It was improvisation, he insisted: his prints contained nothing that they did not openly state. "Do I have to say that none of these fantasies have any pretension to profundity? I regard them only as the results of a fascinating play of thoughts."

Vivid Warning. Yet when Maurits Escher died last month, aged 73, a cult had begun to gather round him. Through many channels, from headshop posters to science magazines, Escher had been insinuated into world currency. A lavish book, *The Complete World of M.C. Escher*, will shortly be published by Abrams. This week an almost complete exhibition of his graphics opens at the Vorpahl Gallery in San Francisco, where the prints Escher sold for \$17 to \$40 two decades ago are being offered at \$2,000 to \$15,000.

The question is: Why? Considered as a formal artist, Escher was virtually negligible. His use of color was dull and his drawing had a serviceably vulgar look: the way Escher described the human figure, for instance, made Norman Rockwell look like Giorgione. Much of his architectural imagery is supermarket Piranesi.

But Escher's asset was an intricately

schematic intelligence, and this he used with such wit and patience that he became, without modern rival, a master of visual paradox. A great many of Escher's prints were about teasingly blocked situations. They are scientific demonstrations of how to visualize the impossible. What they propose is a kind of n-dimensional reality in which the laws of perception are temporarily repealed. The most innocent images contain excruciating traps.

One example is Escher's *Waterfall* (1961). A water mill with columns that carry the mill stream above the wheel? Not quite. On close examination, the building is incredible. The water is flowing uphill. The columns and the millrace could never be built: they are contradictory. So Escher's water mill, turning in perpetual motion through a kind of dimensional warp, becomes a vivid warning that art is not reality.

Escher's work was involved with many of the notions current in the more abstract sciences. The obsessive pattern-making, which appeared after he saw the Moorish tilework in the Alhambra during a visit to Spain in 1932, became a visual demonstration of field theory—for there is no "foreground" or "background" in Escher's mosaics. The outline of one figure instantly becomes the boundary of another.

Escher knew that his work was based on paradox. "The problem itself," he said, "is a question without an answer. Why has man, from prehistoric times until today, allowed himself to be so influenced by his own suggestions of space which he depicts on a flat plane that he forgets that they are illusions?" No question about representation is more profound, and Escher's pursuit of it secures him a small place in the history of perception.

■ Robert Hughes

Tutankhamenophilia

There are two ancient Egyptians whose names everyone knows: Queen Nefertiti and her son-in-law King Tutankhamen. Nefertiti is a limestone bust, Tutankhamen a treasure. Nothing in his reign, which began around 1361 B.C., when he was ten, and ended with his death at 18, could have secured immortality for this shadowy boy-king. King Tut owes his fame to the accident that

grave robbers never looted his tomb in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. It remained intact until Nov. 26, 1922, when an English archaeologist named Howard Carter chipped through a door at the end of a rubble-filled passage and thrust a candle into the darkness beyond. "Do you see anything?" asked Lord Carnarvon, his partner. "Yes, wonderful things," Carter stuttered.

What he saw was a glimpse of the world's most legendary treasure: the stupendous array of gold shrines, jewels, portrait masks, gilded pharaonic furniture and sarcophagi that had gone down with Tutankhamen into the dark. It was the first Egyptian royal tomb found almost intact. Tutankhamen's treasure was eventually rehoused in the Cairo Museum. Parts of it made excursions to France, Japan and the U.S. Two weeks ago, the biggest collection of individual Tutankhamen objects—some 50 pieces—ever to leave Egypt went on display at the British Museum.

Unmarked Vans. No show in the staid B.M.'s history ever generated such fuss or demanded such elaborate preparation. First, a firm of English packers spent five weeks in Cairo crating the treasures—each wrapped in cellophane, encased in plastic quilts, set on a foam cushion tray and finally shut in a carpeted crate. The museum stepped up its security precautions. When this groundwork (estimated cost: \$900,000) had been done, the 41 crates were flown at night from Cairo in two BOAC freighters and one R.A.F. jet, then secretly whisked to the museum. Fearing hijackers, the English authorities took the extraordinary step of closing the M4 superhighway that links Heathrow to London until the unmarked vans had gone through. Such measures were compelled by the probable value of King Tut's treasure: his gold funeral mask alone, some English experts speculate, is worth over \$50 million.

The English, normally phlegmatic about art, greeted the event with ecstasies of Tutankhamenophilia. Tut appeared on posters, postcards, carrier bags and 56 million commemorative stamps; the B.M.'s supply of replicas of Tutankhamen's jewelry was sold out on the first day. Bottlenecks in the museum caused three-block queues outside. The museum hopes that when the exhibit closes six months hence, 1.5 million people will have seen it. That would net about \$1.3 million, most of it earmarked for a UNESCO fund to restore the temples on the island of Philae in Egypt, now submerged in the Nile by the Aswan High Dam.



VORPAL GALLERY

MAURITS CORNELIS ESCHER



WILHELM BRAUN

Among the treasures from Tutankhamen's tomb now at the British Museum in London are (top left) the head of a cheetah from a royal funeral couch; (top right) Tutankhamen's gold funerary mask; (below) a frieze of protective figures from the gilded shrine around the king's sarcophagus.



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MODERN LIVING

Just Swell

One of the odd notes in Paris fashions this spring is the maternity-style top—for women without child. It has a loose, comfortable style that was born of the peasant blouses still available in the bazaars of Europe. If that isn't enough to give the nonpregnant pause, two young Manhattan women have designed and are selling the Pregnancy Puff—an egg-shaped, beige satin pillow that ties on round the middle with pink and blue satin ribbons. It has just one function: worn under clothing, it makes a woman look pregnant.

Why would anyone pay \$20 a deluxe model, custom made and bearing the face of a loved one, sellers for as much as \$50) for the Pregnancy Puff? There are practical reasons, insists K.T. Maclay, a married writer who invented the P.P. jointly with Unmarried Designer Linda Sampson. For one thing, she insists, it almost guarantees the wearer a seat on a crowded bus. For another, it is a surefire conversation piece at a cocktail party. She reports that one anxious mother bought a puff for her 17-year-old daughter to wear on a cross-country car trip, explaining that "she'll be safer if people think she's pregnant."

There are psychological advantages too. "You feel your whole psyche changing when you wear one," says K.T. "We haven't had backaches or varicose veins, but we've developed some strange cravings." Adds Linda: "I've stopped chewing gum. A Madonna figure shouldn't chew gum." The Pregnancy Puff also seems to affect the beholder. "People think we're pregnant and tell us how great our complexions look," explains K.T. "They tell us we glow. And maybe we do, because we have this funny secret."

PUFF DESIGNERS MACLAY & SAMPSON



Raising the Roof

Olde England—the phrase conjures visions of red-cheeked lads frolicking with shy maids, of nut-brown ale bubbling in pewter flagons, and sturdy oak-beamed, thatched-roof cottages. These days, the red-cheeked lads and shy maids are living it up in Chelsea, and the nut-brown ale is thin and sour, but cottages with roofs thatched in reed or straw are back in style. The British government is acting to preserve the best examples, and the thatchers themselves—an independent breed that was dying out—suddenly have more work than they can possibly handle.

Until a decade ago, thatchers and their roofs were among England's more conspicuous anachronisms. "Rural downswimmers," says Thatcher John Dodson, "were pushing the old cottages over, or burning them because they weren't wanted." Now the surviving thatched structures, many built in the 16th and 17th centuries, are fetching dazzling sums on the market. A small, shabby cottage that might have brought \$1,000 as recently as 1962 now sells for 20 times that price; larger houses, often short of plumbing but with two or three bedrooms, go for about \$50,000.

Why the belated boom in thatched roofs? "It's the London people who are coming out here," says Dodson, "buying their weekend cottages and fixing them up." Explains Designer-Photographer Sir Cecil Beaton, who is so enamored of thatch that he even thatches his garden walls. "I champion beauty and impracticability."

Aside from the picturesqueness of it all, however, a thatched roof provides several definite benefits. Its thickness (about a foot, on the average) keeps noises out and it is a greater weather insulator than wood. But there are some draw-



THATCHED-ROOF COTTAGE IN BERKSHIRE
Beauty and impracticability.

backs: once a thatched roof begins to deteriorate, birds find their way in and drive aphobes crazy with their chirping. Some roofs have mice, too. Says Lord Compton: "Unfortunately, I'm allergic to cats, so all I can do is put out traps." A more spectacular peril is the danger from fire: a thatched roof, once touched off, explodes in flames.

Until after the turn of the century, thatchers were stock characters in nearly every village in the southern half of England. "They're a lonely sort of people," says Dodson, whose family have been thatchers for generations in the village of Huntingdon near Cambridge. "They've always been a roguish lot who'd just as soon poach from the local squire as earn money thatching."

It is harsh work. For a cottage with two or three bedrooms, four or five tons of reed or straw are required, and because thatchers prefer to work alone, the job often will take four to five weeks, all out-of-doors labor in England's cold and windy weather. Thatchers pick and choose their jobs: most prefer to work only in their home area and simply turn down the increasingly frantic demands that they take on jobs elsewhere. There are only about 400 master thatchers left, but their ranks are being swelled by young men, including several college dropouts, who have been lured by the new status of thatchery.

There is one cloud on the thatchers' horizon. To meet the increasing demand for thatched roofs, Devonshire Businessman John Fox has devised an imitation and partially assembled thatch. Solid fiber glass, it comes in any color (golden brown: mature thatch and yellow-gold: newly laid thatch) and verminproof, and should last several lifetimes. Scoffs a conventional thatcher: "I suppose if you have not got very good eyesight and stand far enough away it could pass for thatch. But man can't improve on nature."

VAN EYCK MADONNA



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR TIME

Valueless Vaccines?

Under Food and Drug Administration rules, drugs sold in the U.S. must be both safe and effective. But vaccines, which are active biological materials and come under the jurisdiction of another Department of Health, Education and Welfare agency, the Division of Biologics Standards, appear to have eluded the effectiveness requirement. According to a report by the General Accounting Office, DBS, over many years, has allowed 32 substances—including some flu vaccines to be marketed though they were virtually useless. Some may also be dangerous.

Undertaken at the request of Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, the Accounting Office's report is a damning document. Its conclusions are based entirely on the DBS's own records and show that the agency consistently released vaccines that it knew were of dubious quality. Some of them even failed to match the strength claimed by their manufacturers. DBS did not reject a single lot of flu vaccine, although some tested out at less than 1% of purported potency. Nor did it stop the sale of weak vaccines that were known to produce annoying side effects. One drug, licensed in 1956 for the treatment of upper respiratory infections, carried a warning that it could result in fever and abdominal cramps.

Neither the report nor experts in the field accuse DBS—or the substances in question—of damaging public health. Many of the 32 items have never been in wide use because they are designed to control rare diseases. Most doctors have realized all along that flu and cold vaccines, which have been given to tens of millions of people, are of uncertain value. There is no challenge to vaccines used for combatting serious public

health problems like polio, German measles (rubella) and measles.

But the indictment is important nonetheless. As the report makes clear, DBS inaction resulted at least in part from uncertainty over its legal authority to regulate vaccine potency and how much power HEW could delegate to DBS. A more formal cure is proposed in legislation now before Congress. The bill would combine DBS and FDA into an independent and expanded drug regulatory agency. Meanwhile, health officials would not discuss the charges.

Variola Major's Trail

To fulfill their religious obligations, a group of well-to-do Yugoslav Moslems made a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina and then visited Baghdad before returning to the Serbian province of Kosovo. Most brought gifts from Iraq. Yugoslav health officials suspect that some also brought back *variola major*, the most virulent form of smallpox. Two weeks after their homecoming—*variola*'s incubation period—several of the travelers came down with smallpox, triggering an epidemic that has infected 155 and killed at least 28 in just a month. Only now is the outbreak being brought under control.

One of the first victims developed a severe form of smallpox characterized by widespread bleeding spots on the body. Puzzled doctors sent him to two provincial hospitals and finally to Belgrade. As the dying man was moved from place to place, he infected patients and staff in hospitals along the way. He himself became the country's first smallpox fatality. A 19-year-old nurse who had attended him was one of the next victims.

BELGRADE RESIDENTS LINING UP FOR SMALLPOX VACCINATIONS



Health authorities quickly moved against the spreading epidemic. Seven American specialists carrying 3,000,000 doses of vaccine and armed with jet injection guns capable of inoculating 1,000 people an hour were rushed to assist Yugoslav health workers in a nationwide immunization campaign. European countries donated vaccine through the World Health Organization. Hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs responded to government appeals and stood in long lines to be vaccinated.

Postponed Politics. To fight the threat of contamination, hospital visiting privileges were suspended in some parts of the country and a joint session of the federal and Serbian Parliaments was postponed. Foreign tourism fell off sharply. Kosovo was placed under a strict quarantine, and travel from the province was forbidden to all who had not been successfully immunized. When Vuko Dragasević, Secretary of Labor and Social Welfare, tried to enter Macedonia from Kosovo, he was stopped at the border even though he had a vaccination certificate. He is an official in charge of the nationwide immunization program.

Meanwhile, German officials called a smallpox alert after a Yugoslav worker from Kosovo, newly arrived in Hanover, came down with the disease. He was immediately put in isolation, and officials rounded up 665 people known to have had some contact with him. They were being held in quarantine while the search went on for the 666th and last person believed to have been exposed.

The epidemic was shocking even beyond the dead count because smallpox has been considered all but extinct in industrialized nations (TIME, Jan. 24). Yugoslavia, for instance, had not suffered an outbreak for 40 years. The U.S. Public Health Service no longer requires travelers to have proof of recent immunization before entering the country unless they have been in one of the few places where the disease is still common. Now those arriving from Yugoslavia must show evidence that a vaccination has taken. A person lacking a certificate must keep in touch with health authorities for at least two weeks.

Lang's One Hope

Lang, a ten-year-old Vietnamese, supported himself and his grandmother by begging in the streets of a small village south of Danang. One day he found something to play with—a white phosphorous grenade. It exploded, killing his two brothers and blinding his grandmother. Nor was Lang spared. The phosphorus seared his face, creating a mask of horror that no Hollywood makeup man could fashion. It also burned away his eye sockets and eyelids, leaving him with large frightened eyes that he cannot close.

Lang's plight is anything but unique. There are anywhere from

MEDICINE

50,000 to 100,000 children like him in South Viet Nam. Some are the direct casualties of deadly ordnance fired by both sides. Others are indirect victims, burned while trying to use jet fuel for cooking, seared by a wasting sickness called noma which is brought on by malnutrition, or crippled by other diseases that might be brought under control during peacetime. But Lang is a little luckier than most. He is being treated at the Center for Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery in Saigon, the only place in Viet Nam that can help large numbers of seriously disfigured or disabled child-casualties of the war. Said one of Lang's doctors,

DENIS GARNETT



BURN VICTIMS AT BARKSY UNIT

Still 20 years of surgery.

"He won't be beautiful, but at least he'll be able to close his eyes."

The unusual center was built by Children's Medical Relief International, a private, New York-based organization, and is partially funded by the U.S. Agency for International Development. It was conceived in 1967 by Thomas Miller, now 34, a lawyer and Peace Corps veteran who had read about young casualties and decided to do something to help them. Miller enlisted Dr. Arthur Barsky, 73, the Manhattan plastic surgeon who had operated on women disfigured at Hiroshima, and the two visited Viet Nam later that year. The result of their trip was the creation of CMRI and an agreement from AID to help finance what is now called the Barsky Unit on the grounds of the Chau Ray Hospital. Its dual purpose: to treat and rehabilitate Vietnamese children while training Vietnamese doctors in plastic surgery.

Since then, the Barsky Unit has built up a staff of eleven physicians



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and treated some 4,000 children. The task has not been easy. Many Vietnamese at first were suspicious of both the hospital and the foreigners—Americans, Canadians and British—who staffed it. The country's chaotic transportation system also prevented many prospective patients from coming to the center: to reach them, CMRI set up ten screening clinics in the provinces. The procedure of picking patients is a delicate one. Says Dr. John Champlin, 32, CMRI's former screening officer: "It's quite difficult to explain why you can help someone who's missing half his face from *noma*, but can't help someone who's paralyzed by polio. The medical distinction just isn't that clear to the people."

Children selected for surgery are first admitted to a 120-bed reception center operated by the International Rescue Committee, where they spend weeks building up their strength for surgery. From there, they are moved to the 54-bed Barsky Unit for their operations. Doctors at the center perform 150 operations a month, trimming away scar tissue that has immobilized joints, reconstructing faces ruined by shrapnel or napalm, and fitting maimed children with artificial limbs.

Decades to Go. Although the center, with its wards of hideously disfigured children, suggests a glimpse of hell, many Vietnamese doctors welcome the chance to work there. "There is a unique opportunity to learn here," says Dr. Do Ngoc Thu, 41, the acting medical director. "If you worked somewhere else for a lifetime you couldn't get the experience." Many of the staff, however, find the experience both emotionally exhausting and frustrating. Says Miller, "If the war ended tomorrow, there would still be 20 years of surgery to do."

The pace of this surgery is likely to continue, at least for a while. AID, which is reducing its entire medical program in Viet Nam as part of the general U.S. cutback of activities in the country, had planned to trim the center's budget for the next fiscal year from \$475,000 to \$146,000. But under pressure from CMRI, the agency has now agreed to contribute \$246,000. The funds are essential because AID money is used partly to subsidize the salaries of Vietnamese physicians, whose tiny stipends from the Ministry of Health would otherwise require them to maintain outside practices. Without the U.S. money, the center would lose many of its Vietnamese doctors, and if that should happen, says Miller, "the quality of care would go down just like that."

Despite the reprieve, CMRI officials are not going to rely on uncertain Government financing to keep their hospital going. They are also seeking private contributions to give South Viet Nam's injured children a reason for remaining alive.



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Charlie Chaplin, the movies' legendary comic genius, thanking capacity audience (top) at Philharmonic Hall after a screening of two 1921 Chaplin films at Lincoln Center (above). Left: Chaplin, mugging at his table and waving from his box during black-tie reception after the gala. Lower left, chatting with third wife, Paulette Goddard.

PEOPLE

Like Old Times

The movies' legendary comic genius was playing his greatest reconciliation scene. **Charlie Chaplin** and America were kissing and making up—and loving every minute of it.

Charlie was edgy on the plane from Bermuda, where he had been resting for a few days before setting foot in the U.S. for the first time in 20 years. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had invited him to receive a special award at Hollywood's Oscar ceremonies, and the Film Society of New York City's Lincoln Center was throwing a big party for him at Philharmonic Hall. But what about the audiences? Would they respond again to the comic humanity of his Little Tramp? Would they resurrect the old resentments at the leftish leanings and marital tangles that had led Attorney General James P. McGranery in 1952 to order him detained if he tried to re-enter the U.S.? Or would they merely show indifference at the appearance of another octogenarian who has been?

The reception at Kennedy Airport was not particularly promising. Most of the 100-odd people waiting were newsmen. They and the curious transients at the terminal windows watched the fleshy-faced, white-haired old man, just short of 83, blow a few kisses for the cameras, then ease himself slowly down the airplane steps and shuffle over to a waiting limousine.

That evening New York's welcome began to warm up. **Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper**, who has known Charlie's wife **Oona** since they were both 14 (and who also once married a famous olderster, Conductor **Leopold Stokowski**), gave a dinner party for the Chaplins in her town house and invited 66 of the Manhattanites who matter. Among them were Theatricals (like perennial Film Star **Lillian Gish**), Actresses (**Geraldine Fitzgerald** and **Kitty Carlisle**), Politicians (Senator and Mrs. **Jacob Javits**), and Literary-Socials (**Truman Capote** and **George Plimpton**). Winsomely self-deprecating, perched on his chair rather than sitting in it, the guest of honor basked in so much high-powered appreciation—humming delightedly along with Showman **Adolph Green**'s near-total recall of the themes from Chaplin's film scores. It was almost like old times.

Next day, though, he was nervous again about the public reception that awaited him at Lincoln Center: he was too tense to attend a preliminary screening of two 1921 Chaplin films: *The Idle Class* and *The Kid*. At a cocktail party for about 50 notables at a suite in his hotel, Charlie and Oona came late, sat down, and limited their conversation pretty much to how-do-you-dos.

Charlie need not have worried. At Philharmonic Hall, the 1,500 who had

paid \$10 and \$25 admission, plus the 1,200 who had paid \$100 and \$250 apiece for a black-tie champagne reception after the films, cheered him to the echo when he appeared with Oona in the first tier, and they watched the Little Tramp on-screen with such delighted empathy that the big concert hall all but glowed in the dark. When the movies were over, the audience turned in sudden shouting ovation toward the dignified old man looking down on them, whose spry shadow had just been caving on the screen.

Norman Mailer had tears in his eyes. President Nixon's representatives were Presidential Aide **Leonard Garment**, Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts **Nancy Hanks** and USIA Di-

was in the audience!" Actor **Zero Mostel** loomed up and kissed him from the depths of an enormous beard. Actress **Claire Bloom**, one of his leading ladies (*Limelight*, 1952), appeared at the table. **Paula** **Goddard**—another protégée (*Modern Times*, 1936) and his third ex-wife—was somehow brought unscathed through the crowd to chat with him for a couple of minutes. A nearby window was a refracted pattern of outsiders with faces and noses pressed against the glass, waving to attract his attention. But for all the loud confusion, when tired, old Charlie Chaplin made his way out at last, shielded by policemen and supported by his wife and son-in-law, his face was alight with pleasure.

The following day, a confident, happy Charlie began stepping out in the city. With Oona, he went for a short walk in a secluded part of Central Park. When he turned up at the "21" Club



CHARLIE CHAPLIN & SON-IN-LAW LEAVING "21" AFTER A LONG LUNCH
Tears, cheers, awards and memories for a new old man.

rector **Frank Shakespeare**—like everyone else, they cheered and clapped. Charlie Chaplin stood at a microphone, waving and miming a little. Then he became very serious. "This is my renaissance," he said. "I'm being born again. It's easy for you, but it's very difficult for me to speak tonight, because I feel very emotional. However, I'm glad to be amongst so many friends. Thank you."

The champagne reception was a champagne shambles. Chaplin had specifically requested that his table not be cordoned off from the crowd, but perhaps he had forgotten about New Yorkers. Flashing their tickets at the ushers, they made a surging subway jam of black ties and décolletage, pressing around the table where Charlie sat.

Someone gave him a derby, and he mugged with it, a finger held under his nose doing service for the famed mustache. Congresswoman **Belle Abzug** leaned over his table, clutching her floppy pink hat. "The audience, the audience!" he exclaimed to her. "Everybody

for a lunch given by Manhattan Councilman **Carter Burden**, there was a burst of applause as he entered the dining room. He lingered at the table, telling stories well into the afternoon, then had Photographer **Richard Avedon** up to his Plaza Hotel suite for their second sitting (the first was 20 years ago, on the day Chaplin left America). Later he visited Gracie Mansion, where Mayor **John V. Lindsay** presented him with the city's highest cultural award, the Handel Medallion. "Smile!" yelled the photographers. "I'm afraid my teeth would fall out," cracked Chaplin, cupping a hand beneath his chin.

At week's end the Charlie Chaplin who arrived in Hollywood to receive his second special Oscar—for his "incalculable effect in making motion pictures the art form of this century"—was still an old man who did not walk very fast or see very well. But he was not the same old man who had arrived in the U.S. a few days earlier. He knew that he was home and—as he said—that he had been reborn.

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SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Yesterday is dead and gone
And tomorrow's out of sight
And it's sad to be alone
Help me make it through the night
—Help Me Make It Through
the Night, by Kris Kristofferson

Many of the scenes in Tennessee Williams' plays take place at night. For his characters, this is a time of terror. Alone, heart-hungry, desolate of spirit, they reach out for a voice, a touch, any kindly stranger who may help them make it through the night.

A bar is a logical place for a con-voicing of strangers who are terrorized yet basically humane. In the world's judgment, the characters in *Small Craft Warnings* are seedy derelicts: a strident middle-aged beautician (Helena Carroll) who rarely bathes and whose trailer shack-up is a monosyllabic semi-Niedenthaler (Brad Sullivan); a red-headed hooker (Cherry Davis) whose hand is on every man's groin except that of her woefully plastered boy friend (William Hickey); a drunken doctor (David Hooks) who kills when he aborts and a sardonically nihilistic homosexual (Alan Mixon). The world casts stones; Williams applies the balm of compassion to the bruises. In his eyes and under his poetic alchemy, these people become the embodiment of the fears that course through all of us at some time or other, the frailties that make us lie, betray any trust, cringe before bullies, vilify others—though in our hearts we wish to do none of those things.

To these characters, the bar is a spar to which they cling in the shipwreck of existence and over which they confess their hidden better selves. These confessional arias are what they have al-

ways been in Williams, eloquent tributes to the English tongue and moving explorations of the human spirit. This is not to say that *Small Craft Warnings* is on a par with the durable canon of his finest plays. Here he reminds us of the size and scope of his genius, but displays it diminuendo. Call this then a five-finger exercise from the man who is the greatest living playwright in the Western world.

■ T.E. Kalem

Laugh Potion

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED

ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

by BURT SHEVELOVE and LARRY GELBART

Plautus was the Neil Simon of Rome. When the tired businessman of the Eternal City trudged home from his *officina* on one of the seven hills in his sweat-stained toga and quaffed a quick goblet of Falernian, his wife probably said, "Carissime, in theatrum cumus. *Plautus novum fabulum dat.*"

Wise woman! The old dramatic farce manufactured situations that have kept audiences laughing for 23 centuries. This is not news on New York's Via Magna Alba. Ten years ago, Burt Shevelove's and Larry Gelbart's free adaptation of Plautus' plays convulsed playgoers for 964 performances. At that time Zero Mostel pranced onstage like an elephant with a hotfoot in the starring role of Pseudolus, a slave with a passion for freedom as avid as that of all 13 original colonies. He was gloriously funny, and in this revival of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, Phil Silvers is every wit his equal.

Pseudolus' young master Hero (John Hansen) is piteously in love with the beauteous virgin Philia (Pamela Hall). If Pseudolus can secure her for Hero, he will receive his freedom. The plot tangles, twists, thickens, quickens, down alleys and up roofs, through brothels of spic beauties and manses of spiky matrons, leaving behind a carnage of laugh-splitting ribs. *Salve, Forum, et in arena hilaritatem triumph!*

■ T.E.K.

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TELEVISION

Plus Ça Change

Week after week, the networks delayed their annual ritual of announcing the new fall schedules. Was some major policy shift in the offing? Were the congressional hearings on TV violence being taken to heart? Apparently not. When the final schedules were revealed last week, the delays seemed merely a result of the usual intramural poker game. All three networks are holding new hands, but the viewer is getting the same old deal.

Some longtime favorites are being dropped in the program shuffle. CBS's twelve-year-old *My Three Sons* and four-year-old *Glen Campbell Show* are going, and ABC is twitching its nose and making the eight-year-old *Bewitched* disappear from prime time. Some newer favorites are spawning the inevitable offspring. CBS is cashing in on *All in the Family's* success by giving Mrs. Bunker's *Cousin Maude* her own show. The ethnic emphasis begun by *Family* is showing up in several new entries. The Catholics and Jews are getting CBS's *Brigette Loves Berne*, a variation on *Aibile's Irish Rose*, which soft-petaled mixed marriages on Broadway in the '20s. In a more tentative gesture, ABC has *Kung Fu*, an adventure show set in the old West with a Chinese hero, to be aired every fourth Saturday.

Reverse Alchemy. Violence is holding its own. Five crime and Western shows are being canceled by the networks, but another six are being added. TV's medical corps, on the other hand, is definitely growing. NBC plans *The Little People*, about a Hawaiian pediatrician and his pediatrician daughter, and ABC has *Temperature's Rising*, about the chief surgeon in a big city hospital. Both shows will combine the medical genre with the situation-comedy formula. The only new programming of a serious nature is an hour on NBC that will alternate between *NBC Reports* and Alastair Cooke's BBC-Time-Life Films series, *America*.

The networks are also persisting in the reverse alchemy that so often has turned movie gold into weekly dross. An hour-and-a-half round robin of mystery shows on NBC will include Richard Widmark in a series called *Mudigan*, adapted from the 1968 detective film in which he starred. On CBS, *M*A*S*H*, the grisly 1970 comedy about a troupe of Army surgeons in Korea, is becoming a half-hour situation comedy starring Alan Alda.

Also on CBS, *Annie and the King of Siam*, which has seen every other incarnation, will turn up as a series called *Annie and the King*. The schoolteacher will be played by Samantha Eggar; the King by the actor who took the role in Broadway and film musicals and seems to hold a patent on it: Yul Brynner.

All in the Black Family

It sounds like a sure-fizzle formula. No sex, no excitement, and precious little for a white, middle-class audience to identify with. Just two blacks, father and son, running a junk shop in Los Angeles and playing a continual, if affectionate game of one-upmanship. Yet NBC's *Sanford and Son*, which premiered in January, is already one of TV's top ten shows. With so much seemingly going against it, what does *Sanford* have going for it? Above all, it has Redd Foxx.

Foxx, at 49 the dean of black comedians, might have been preparing all



WILSON & FOXX IN "SANFORD"
Raspings the funnybone.

his raflish life for the role of Junkman Fred Sanford. "He's an old black dude, and he don't take no stuff," explains Foxx. "He's a con artist. He thinks up elaborate, wily tricks, and I enjoy him." Most of his tricks are directed against his son Lamont (Demond Wilson) to keep him from marrying and leaving home. One girl friend, Foxx assures the boy, would end up like her mother, "King Kong in bloomers." He is constantly complaining about his nonexistent heart ailment: "What if I have a heart attack and have to call the doctor?" he asks. "You know I can't dial the phone with my arthritis."

Teasing Laughs. The show was created by Bud Yorkin and Norman Lear, the team that produced *All in the Family*, and like *Family*, *Sanford* is adapted from a successful BBC series. Foxx's Sanford is at times a sort of black mirror image of *Family's* bigoted Archie Bunker. When he spots a white nurse waiting to give him his chest

X ray, he announces, "I ain't goin' in there with that ugly old white woman." A policeman asks him about a gang of thieves. "Were they colored?" the cop inquires. "Yeah," Sanford answers, adding—after the appropriate pause—"white."

Foxx's delivery of such gag lines is like a rasp drawn gently across the funnybone. With timing that would take an atomic clock to measure, he teases a laugh like a yo-yo on the end of a string. A figure of grizzled aplomb, he can get up from a spread of ham hocks and pinto beans, then strut through a jumpy living room as if he were Louis XIV in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

The son of an electrician in St. Louis, Foxx ran away to New York when he was 17, determined to break into show business. His first "club" was a street corner, where he played a washtub in a group named the Five Hip Cats. Somewhere along the way he adopted his stage name, which was inspired by baseball Great Jimmie Foxx and the red fox in children's stories. His real name was Sanford, which Yorkin and Lear borrowed for the show.

Dirty Jokes. Eventually, Foxx worked up to the Chitlin' Circuit, the trade name for the black clubs and music halls around the country. Searching for something to set him apart from other comics, he discovered the dirty joke. He recorded his first "party" album in 1956. It was so successful that he recorded 48 more and blue humor became his trademark. In one of his cleaner club routines, he is served a drink onstage by a pretty white waitress. "Oh, you're gorgeous, darlin'," he tells her, "but I don't want a white woman. No, I don't want a white woman. If I want a white woman, may the Lord strike me down with polio." Then his body goes out of joint, and he hobblest offstage. The records and a few "clean" appearances on TV eventually caught the eye of Las Vegas managers, and Foxx became a regular at the Hilton International.

Foxx's break into TV actually cost him about \$70,000 in forfeited pay from his Hilton contract. Beyond that, he had to move his wife and seven dogs from Las Vegas, which he loves, to Hollywood. Still, he is well aware that he stands to recoup his losses, and then some. "I was doing two shows a night at the club—90 minutes' work for grand-theft money," he says. "But television is the new medium. Suddenly I've got a lot of future." But the years of waiting have left him rather bitter. "Sanford made it in twelve weeks," he says. "Yet Redd Foxx has been around for 33 years. What took them so long?"

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THE LAW

Informers Under Fire

Even law-and-order advocates sometimes find their sensibilities offended by that most unstable adjunct of police work, the informer. Trained from childhood to disparage tattletales, Americans have hardly a decent word for those who give information to authorities. The glossary runs to such pejorative nouns as link, stoolie, rat, canary, squealer. In some police argot they are snitches. Yet no major police force can operate without some of the shady types who will go where cops seldom can, perhaps to a meeting of conspirators, or do what cops won't, for example, shoot heroin before a cautious pusher will make a sale. Informers have long been found in every area of life, but since the McCarthy era there has not been so much public concern about them in the U.S. as there is now.

The chief cause has been the recent spate of celebrated cases in which police agents played a role—from the trials of the Chicago Seven and the Seattle Eight to virtually all of those involving Black Panthers. Currently, civil libertarians are questioning the propriety of the prosecution's use of Boyd Douglas, the FBI informant central to the just-concluded Harrisburg Seven trial (see *THE NATION*). Still more questions have been raised by the ongoing trial of 28 people accused of destroying draft files in Camden, N.J. Four weeks ago, Robert Hardy, a paid FBI informer, suddenly announced that Government money had been supplied for gas, trucks, tools and other items necessary to the raid. He contends that he acted in effect as an *agent provocateur*, rekindling interest in the project when the others seemed to have dropped it.

Variations. The word informer actually covers a variety of types. They range from the fellow who turns in a friend for tax fraud (and collects up to 10% of whatever the Federal Government recovers) to a full-fledged undercover Government agent like Herbert Philbrick (*I Led Three Lives*). As Philbrick's case suggests, the usually unsavory reputation of informers often vanishes if the cause seems especially just—or at least popular. The FBI's hired hand who fingered the Ku Klux Klan killers of Viola Liuzzo generated considerably less controversy than Boyd Douglas.

For many, informing is a one-time thing. On the other hand, the champion informant in the San Francisco area is responsible for an estimated 2,000 arrests a year, mostly in narcotics cases; a retired burglar, he now earns \$700 a month from the police. Not surprisingly, money is a common motive for informers. In 1775, somewhat the worse for his fabled years of womanizing, Cas-

anova replenished his purse by hiring out to the Venetian Inquisitors; he provided them with political tidbits as well as a list of the major works of pornography and blasphemy to be found in the city's private libraries. The fictional Irish betrayer Gypo Nolan, in the movie *The Informer*, turned in his best friend to the British for £20. A whorehouse madam collected \$5,000 for leading the FBI to John Dillinger.

But by far the most frequent impetus is the save-your-own-skin syndrome. In return for having the charge against him dropped or reduced, a suspect can often be induced to testify against his confederates. An already convicted man like Joe Valachi may get special privileges and protection. Less often, an informer is a well-intentioned citizen driven by personal zeal, as was former Communist Whittaker Chambers in his accusations against Alger Hiss and others. Now, Sociologist David Bordua points out, "there is a whole new type developing in the area of anti-pollution law. If you like it, it's civic participation. If not, it's police informants."

Danger. Like it or not, most experts regard the typical informer as an indispensable evil in much police work. "A very seedy bunch," observes Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan, a former prosecutor, but "there are certain kinds of crimes in which you have to have them—consensual crimes like narcotics." The reason in such cases there are rarely complaints from the victims. Last year informants on the FBI payroll accounted for 14,233 arrests and the recovery of \$51,646,289 in money and merchandise. For all their importance in gathering information, though, they present considerable technical and tactical problems in the courtroom.

Their anonymity is frequently vital. Thus courts allow a tip from a reliable informant to be used to obtain a search warrant—without revealing the informant's identity. But if failure to disclose his name would unfairly hamper the defendant on trial, then the informer may no longer remain anonymous. Two years ago, Denver Police Lieut. Duane Bordon found that the danger to informants is no Hollywood myth. He was forced to give an informer's name at a trial, and a few months later the man was found beaten and shot to death.

Pop's Pot. The use of informers raises a variety of constitutional problems. Under the *Miranda* decision, police cannot question an arrested suspect without warning him of his right to silence and counsel, but an informer is free to pump an unwary suspect for all he is worth. That was how Jimmy Hoffa was convicted of jury tampering and the Supreme Court upheld the conviction. Moreover, the informer can legally be fitted out with a tape recorder or transmitter. "The theory is that you've



CASANOVA AT ABOUT AGE 60



VICTOR McLAGLEN (LEFT) AS GYPO NOLAN

WITNESS BOYD DOUGLAS



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trusted the wrong person," explains Professor Kaplan.

The informant planted in a suspect's cell after his arrest does suggest *Miranda* problems still unresolved by the Supreme Court. On the other hand, a regular cellmate, not working for the police, may testify about anything he is told. This is because the private citizen is generally permitted a range of freedom denied to an agent of the Government, whose investigative power the Bill of Rights sought to limit.

But when does a citizen informer become a Government agent? The question was sharply if unusually presented in Sacramento, Calif., recently when a twelve-year-old boy discovered that his father had some pot and turned him in to the police (TIME, Sept. 20). The resulting conviction might have been upheld if the youth had simply grabbed Dad's stash on his own; instead, he had returned to his house on police instructions to get the evidence. Thus he became a police agent, and as such, he conducted a warrantless search in violation of the Fourth Amendment.

Judicial Control. The issue is particularly critical to a special rule of the game. A policeman or police agent is forbidden to entrap—that is, he may not put the idea of the crime into a person's head and induce him to act on it. A mere citizen, however, can suggest a criminal idea and later, if he decides to become an informer, give evidence against his co-conspirators. Clearly, the moment when he came under police control is crucial.

All of these difficulties make prosecutors loath to use informants as witnesses. Moreover, they are a generally unpredictable lot, and juries frequently discount their evidence on the theory that they may have embroidered their testimony to gain police favor. But the result—the fact that only a minority of informers ever appear in court—helps to reduce the amount of control that judges have over their use. Many who worry about informers and police power would like to see more, not less, of such judicial control. Aryeh Neier, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, thinks that the use of police informants should be permitted only after a judge issues a warrant. Others, like Illinois Attorney Joseph R. Lundy writing in *The Nation*, focus their objection narrowly on political investigations. They would require a warrant authorizing the use of informants when First Amendment free speech rights are involved.

Basically, the issue is so emotion laden and complex because it leads to a direct conflict between a citizen's right to privacy and society's right to protect itself against crime. That tension has existed since the framing of the Constitution, and resolving it is one of the burdens of a free society. Meanwhile, informers are not going to disappear and neither can the search for safeguards against their improper use.

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PHASE II

A Rainbow with Clouds

After a relatively strong showing in the first three months of this year, the U.S. economy sailed into the second quarter under a rainbow of brightening statistics—and several ominous clouds. Chances for a rapid return to full, noninflationary prosperity remain remote. And the potential for trouble ahead, notably in the critical areas of jobs and prices, gives Richard Nixon scant room for comfort in an election year. Yet there is compelling evidence that the economy is making sturdy progress toward recovery, and is likely to gain speed in the months ahead. Says Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "The news that the economy is moving at a good clip now is a fact, not a forecast."

The economy is climbing right along the path to the \$95 to \$100 billion advance in gross national product that has been widely projected for the full year. Preliminary estimates put the growth in G.N.P. during the first quarter at \$28 to \$30 billion. At an annual rate, that was an encouraging gain of 11%. Trouble was almost half of the increase resulted from price rises. To reach the Administration's goals for the year, the rate of inflation will have to be cut sharply, but real growth will have to continue at the same brisk pace, or even slightly faster.

Investment Up. Signs of improvement are proliferating. The latest Government survey shows that businessmen plan to increase their spending for plant and equipment this year by 10.5%, v. 1.9% last year. Demand is expanding for capital goods, notably trucks and machine tools. The industrial production index jumped in February for the



sixth consecutive month, and a rising tide of manufacturers' orders all but ensures further gains. A flurry of Government and private contracts is energizing the long depressed aerospace industry. Housing starts remain zesty, at an annual rate of 2,500,000 units in recent months. Though this pace is unlikely to continue, builders anticipate that they will wind up the year well ahead of the record-breaking 2,000,000 houses and apartments begun in 1971. The stock market has risen about 20% since Thanksgiving, and last week the Dow Jones industrial average jumped 21 points, closing at 962.60, a three-year high.

Consumer spending, the most potent force for expansion, is the weakest indicator so far. The latest index of consumer sentiment compiled by the University of Michigan notes that people are now more confident than in recent months about the prospects of the economy in general, but expectations for their own personal finances are no better than they were in the final quarter of last year. Consumer buying edged up .2% in January over the previous month, and then down .2% in February. Though March Easter sales ballooned in volume at most major stores, there is little evidence yet of a sustained buying surge.

Spending has been held back in part because of a colossal bloopo by the

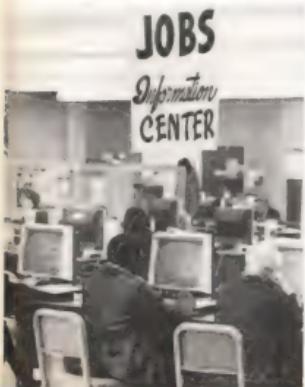
House Ways and Means Committee in setting the new withholding rates. Because last year's withholding was too low, the Government boosted the rates this year—and boosted them too high. As a result, taxpayers are missing an estimated \$4 billion to \$6 billion a year from their paychecks—a blow to family finances that reduces willingness to spend. More important, many people are still worried about losing their jobs.

Last week the Government reported that the unemployment rate in March rose from 5.7% to 5.9%. Actually, the total number of people with jobs grew from 80.6 million to 81.2 million, but, on a seasonally adjusted basis, there was an even sharper rise in the number of people looking for work.

Tighter Controls. The biggest concern among consumers, and in the Administration, is the persistent rise in prices and the apparent inability of Phase II controls to hold down inflation. In February, consumer prices leaped 23% on an annual basis, but there is relief ahead. Presaging a downward trend in living costs, the wholesale price index in March rose a modest .1%, and food prices declined .4%. So far, most of the upward press has come from soaring food costs, especially meat, which is all but exempt from controls. Food costs are likely to dip somewhat in the near future, mostly because normal farm production cycles will ease shortages. But in the fall, the same cycle of supply and demand is also likely to send prices up again.

Doubt is growing within the Administration that prices can be reined in enough under present conditions. TIME Washington Correspondent Lawrence Malkin reported last week that a survey by the Bureau of Labor Statistics concluded that the consumer price index for 1972 could well rise as much as it did last year (3.4%); more important, nonfood commodities (the area

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SUSAN COHEN

PICKETING CONSUMERS IN ERIE, PA.



THE ECONOMY

covered by Phase II controls) could well rise 3%. On top of the continuing rises expected for utility rates and interest rates, the prices of manufactured goods are now expected to inch up later this year. At a meeting this week, the Price Commission will examine several ideas to strengthen controls.

The commission may order an end to "pass-through" profits. At present, businessmen are allowed to pass along to customers not only their increases in costs, but also to tack on their standard profit margins. For example, if the price of steel used in a car goes up \$10, an automaker can charge the customer an extra \$10 plus the company's usual profit margin. The Price Commission could decide to restrict the increase to a flat \$10. And it may tighten up or eliminate entirely the "term-limit" pricing rule under which a company can raise the cost of some items by as much as 8% so long as its average increase for all products stays within 1.8%. Polls show that the public is discouraged by the price-fighting progress of Phase II. Nixon is well on his way to meeting his goals for high production, but if the nation is to make real gains on the price front by Election Day, his inflation policymakers must speak up more loudly—and carry bigger sticks.

THE DOLLAR

Europe Will Cost More

For traveling Americans, Europe will cost up to 20% more this year than last. The primary reason is the devaluation of the dollar; in addition, most European currencies have been revalued upward. The combination of the 8.6% dollar devaluation and an average 4% upward revaluation of European currencies leaves the dollar with about 12% less purchasing power than last year. On top of that, inflation in Europe has added to the costs.

Although transatlantic air fares and American Express tour prices are about the same as last year, almost everything else has shot up. In London, a double room at the tony Dorchester is \$48.80 v. \$41.70 last year. The rate for a medium-range London hotel has been boosted from about \$18 to \$23. In Paris, a traveler paying in dollars could get a double room at the Ritz for \$54 last year; this year the tab comes to \$65. A double at the Hilton in Paris has jumped \$15, to \$53. Even the price of a bed in German youth hostels climbed, from 85¢ to \$1.12.

Eating out is also higher. London and Paris restaurant meals in dollar terms have jumped 18%. Dinner for two at Madrid's Horcher Restaurant now averages \$19, up \$4 from 1970. Yet smorgasbord unlimited at the Hotel Norge in Bergen remains one of the world's great gourmet bargains: it has risen only from \$4.50 to \$4.90.

Culture also costs more, as do fun



DINING IN THE GRAND MANNER AT THE RITZ HOTEL IN PARIS
Neither inflation nor devaluation will quench the wanderlust.

and games. Top tickets for the Stuttgart Ballet have risen from \$8 to \$9, and for one Wagner Festival performance in Bayreuth they have climbed from \$28.60 to \$31.75. Spanish bullfights are up roughly 8%, to \$14 for the choice, shady seats.

The prospect of higher prices has not quenched Americans' wanderlust. Last year close to 3,000,000 Americans visited Europe, and travel-industry leaders expect about a 10% gain this year. For those who do go, moneymen offer some advice for stretching dollars. First, carry traveler's checks, which command a better exchange rate than cash does. Second, convert money at banks, which pay more for dollars than hotels do. Finally, pay immediately for foreign purchases rather than charge them. If the value of the dollar weakens further, the bill, when finally presented, may well be higher than expected.

MONEY

Nearer to Eurocurrency

Proponents of European unity have long dreamed of creating a single Common Market currency. Lately the finance ministers of the Market nations have taken a long step toward that goal by limiting the distance that their currencies can fluctuate against each other in the world's money markets.

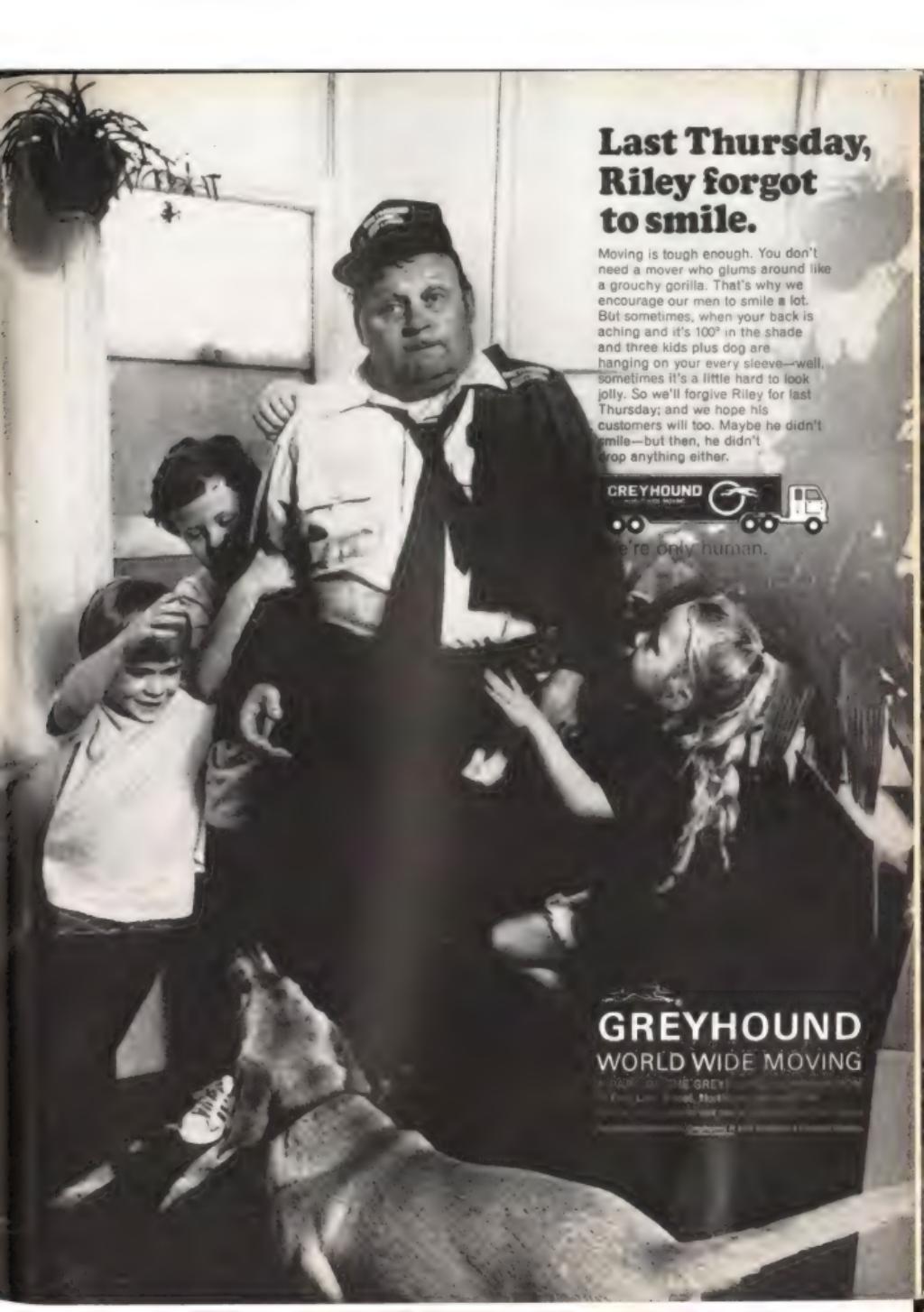
The accord, which is to take effect by July 1, reduces the "trading margins" of the six member currencies from 4.1% to 2.1%. In practice, that will mean Common Market currencies can drift no more than 1.1% either above or below the midpoint of the new 2.1% band. When any one currency reaches its upper or lower limits, the central banks of member countries will intervene by

buying or selling each other's currencies. Until now, the banks have done this by buying or selling dollars.

In the long run, the pact threatens to depose the dollar as the pre-eminent currency in international trade. Reason: Common Market money will still be able to fluctuate within the present band of 4.1% against the dollar, even though the margin is halved with respect to each other. European importers and exporters will no doubt feel safer issuing invoices in one of their own currencies, which can fluctuate only half as much as the dollar. Even a spokesman for the East German government declared that his country is "no longer interested" in trade deals set in dollars. Multinational corporations will probably convert more of their dollar holdings into Common Market currencies. Such selling of the dollar may tend to reduce its price in world money markets.

The day of a truly unified Eurocurrency—or "Euro" as moneymen call it—is still far away. Treasury Secretary John Connally, for one, is not overeager to see that day arrive. With a single currency, he fears, Europe may congeal into a unified economic bloc competing against the U.S., and the Europeans may let their currency float downward against the dollar whenever they want an added trade advantage against the U.S. At present, national rivalries prevent such truly coordinated action.

The Common Market ministers did not specify any details for the eventual replacement of francs, marks, guilders and lire by some supranational monetary unit. An alternative might be that the Common Market currencies will continue to exist side by side, with each bank note carrying a printed table of its equivalent value in sister currencies. Already the ministers have agreed that the trading margins of their money will eventually be reduced to zero.



Last Thursday, Riley forgot to smile.

Moving is tough enough. You don't need a mover who glums around like a grouchy gorilla. That's why we encourage our men to smile a lot. But sometimes, when your back is aching and it's 100° in the shade and three kids plus dog are hanging on your every sleeve—well, sometimes it's a little hard to look jolly. So we'll forgive Riley for last Thursday; and we hope his customers will too. Maybe he didn't smile—but then, he didn't drop anything either.

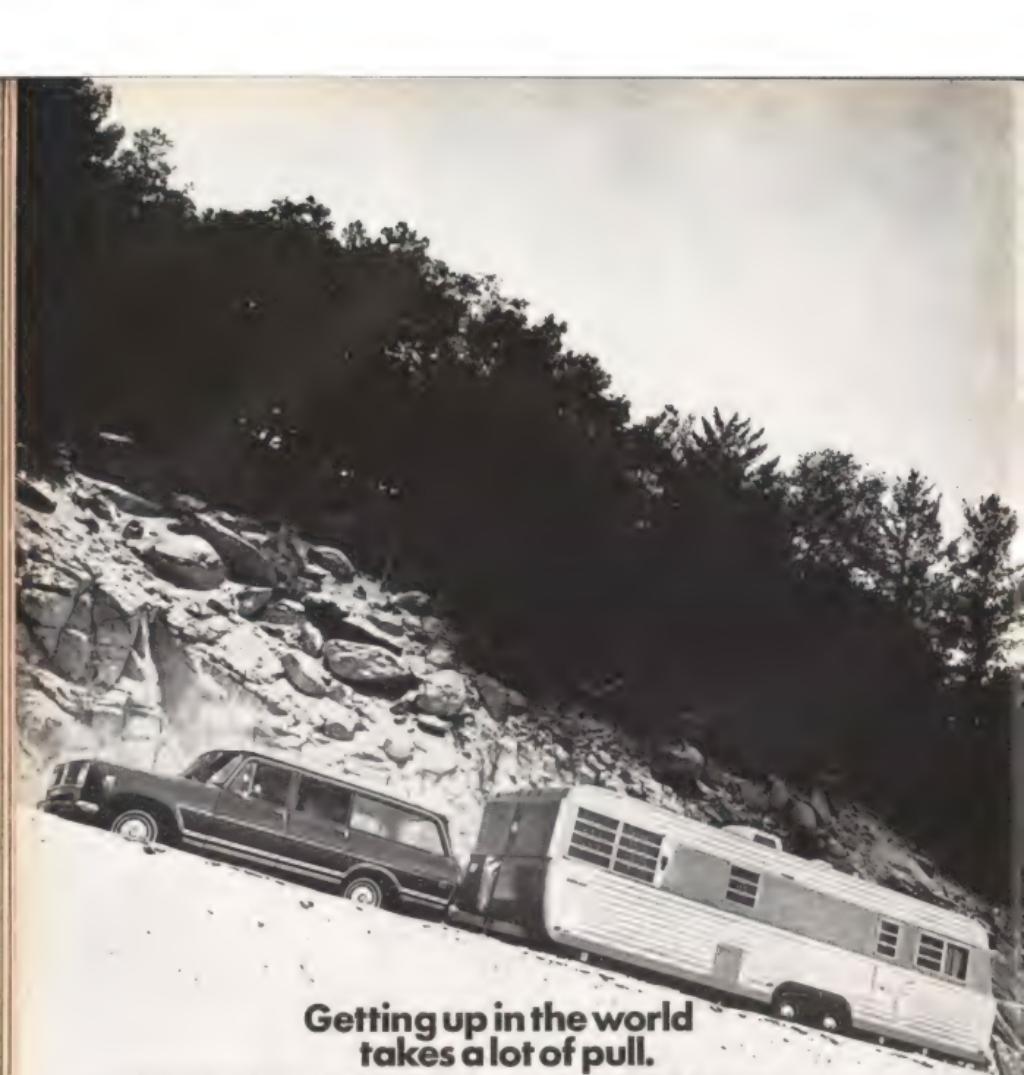


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ETHICS

The Whistle Blowers

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him! If he pays you the wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

—Elbert Hubbard

THAT homespun homily by the turn-of-the-century soap manufacturer turned essayist hangs framed in countless offices and factories. It has long been accepted by both employers and employees as an accurate description of their relationship: loyalty in return for wages—love the company or leave it. But what if an employee has inside information about products that have hidden defects; factories that pollute, false advertising claims, price fixing, cost overruns or kickbacks? A growing number of workers are answering such questions by blowing the whistle on corporate misdeeds.

An as yet unidentified ITT employee slipped Columnist Jack Anderson the famous Dita Beard and Chile memos, and Anderson says that someone at ITT still feeds him information. Last week Anderson wrote that a high-level employee at Pfizer Inc. tipped him that the drug company's managers were urging workers to write their Congressmen to express opposition to a bill that would set up a federal consumer-protection agency; a worker at Ford apparently put Anderson on to safety defects in the company's "sexy" Capri compact. This month in *Harper's*, Kermit Vandivier, a former B.F. Goodrich data analyst, discloses that he told the FBI about fraudulent test reports on airplane brakes that he says he had been ordered to write; after the FBI started a Government investigation, Goodrich replaced \$70,000 worth of ill-designed brakes for the A-7D Air Force attack plane. Recently Robert Rowen, a former nuclear control technician at Pacific Gas & Electric Co., filed 49 charges against the utility with the Atomic Energy Commission; he alleged that P.G. & E. deliberately violated Government safety regulations in handling radioactive waste. The AEC later sustained two of the charges and rebuked the company on several more.

Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader has formed an organization for corporate tattletales called the Clearing House for Professional Responsibility. The group will publish a book this summer about whistle blowers. It is hiring a full-time employment counselor to help them find new jobs if they are fired, and even has a special mail drop to receive anonymous tips: P.O. Box 486, Benja-

min Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044. In an obvious reference to people like Nader, General Motors' former chairman James M. Roche said in a speech last year: "Some of the enemies of business now encourage an employee to be disloyal to the enterprise. They want to create suspicion and disharmony. However this is labeled—industrial espionage, whistle blowing or professional responsibility—is another tactic for spreading disunity and creating conflict."

Law and Morality. But is whistle blowing really disloyalty? In many cases a recalcitrant production-line employee is more valuable to a company than an accommodating vice president. By heeding early protests from within the ranks, a company can head off future Government investigations, damaging publicity or financial disaster from a product recall. General Motors, for example, could have saved millions of dollars if it had paid attention to the adverse reports of G.M. proving-ground employees about its trouble-plagued Corvair. Says James Hillier, an RCA executive vice president for research and engineering: "Every manager knows that the direct cost of repairing a defect after a product is sold tends to be anywhere from 20 to 50 times greater than the cost of repairing it in the factory. The additional and indirect cost arising from loss of customer support is much higher."

When a company does something that may actually be illegal—falsifying statements of product quality, for example—an employee who is directly involved risks prosecution by remaining silent. A little-known federal law, on the

books since 1790, compels persons who possess information about a felony to report it. In theory, federal and state laws against conspiracy and complicity apply to workers who aid and abet any illegal act committed in the name of a corporation. In a time when paid informers are in widespread use (see *TIME* Law), the legal position of employees who speak up will become an increasingly important question.

Beyond explicit legal liability, there are strong moral arguments for speaking up. For one thing, the argument that "I was only following orders" does not have sufficient force. "Every employee who knows of a situation in his company that is detrimental to the public at large must disclose it," says A. Dudley Ward, a high official of the United Methodist Church. "He must first make sure if he is right. If he is, then he must

SILENCE—HUMBOLDT NEWSPAPERS



ROBERT ROWEN WITH REACTOR DIAGRAM



KERMIT VANDIVIER CHARGING BRAKE-TEST FRAUD



EDWARD GREGORY AT G.M. PLANT

BUSINESS

he willing to give up his job to raise the question—to the highest authorities within the company and if necessary to the public. The Judeo-Christian tradition dictates that a man's highest authority is God." Rabbi Balfour Brickner, a director of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, cites the Old Testament to justify whistle blowing: "Thou shalt not stand idly by the blood of thy neighbor" (*Leviticus*: 19:16).

Going Public. Once a worker decides to speak up, how should he go about it? Ralph Nader advises him first to "appeal internally" to his superiors, moving up the chain of command until he produces results. If he runs into a dead end, and if the consequences of continued wrong practice "will result in further injury, fraud or other corporate or governmental crime against consumers," a worker should go public—by contacting the press, his Congressman or his Senator. Nader cautions dissident employees to resist resigning from the company if at all possible. "If you go," he asks, "who remains to fight the good fight?"

Mortimer Feinberg, professor of industrial psychology at the City University of New York, recommends five steps for conscience-stricken workers:

- Report the problem to an immediate supervisor.
- If the supervisor does not act, ask his permission to make a statement to the company president.

- If the statement produces no results, write a letter to the firm's vice president for public relations, who often is the voice of the public within the company and may be able to move the president.

- If there is still no reaction to the complaint, and the matter is too serious to forget, submit a written resignation specifying the reasons.

- At this point it is perfectly ethical to take the case to the public. But make certain that the case is strong and well documented.

Documentation can be hard to come by, and an employee could well be wrong. Not having all the facts that top management commands, he might hastily charge a misdeed where none exists. But if an employee actively opposes corporate policy, how should a company react? So far, most such workers have been fired, demoted or forced to resign. George Geary, a U.S. Steel Co. sales executive in Houston, went over his superiors' heads to object to company officers about safety defects in pipe tubing that the firm was preparing to market. The officers investigated and withdrew the piping, but Geary was fired.

"Unless he belongs to a strong union," says Feinberg, "a dissident employee is highly vulnerable to decapitation." Worse, a fired whistle blower often winds up on an industry blacklist, making it difficult for him to find another job. Says J. Irwin Miller, chairman of the Cummins Engine Co.: "There

are prices to pay for conscience."

Miller advocates that managers create a climate in which employees can feel free to criticize. One step might be to appoint a company ombudsman with power to act on employees' complaints and to start his own investigations. Another would be for a company's directors to extend protection against job loss or demotion to employees who come before the board with disclosures. Some consumer advocates have suggested that Congress legislate protection against reprisal for wage earners who report the unlawful acts of their company, or testify before a court or Government agency.

As more and more employees tell tales outside the office or factory, more and more firms are bound to learn that it pays to listen. Edward A. Gregory, a General Motors body-shop inspector, went to Ralph Nader after managers had refused to acknowledge his warnings about a carbon monoxide leak in Chevrolet bodies and had transferred him to other tasks. When Nader and Gregory publicized the defect, G.M. in 1969 had to recall 3,000,000 cars. G.M. not only gave Gregory a \$10,000 savings bond for the suggestion that helped repair the defect, but he was reinstated in his old job, and has since pointed out other defects that have led to the recall of about 4,000,000 more cars.

TAXES

ITT's Small Contribution

With all their difficulties over party contributions and antitrust deals far from settled, the last thing International Telephone and Telegraph officials needed was a fresh controversy over income taxes. Last week they faced exactly that. In the final stretch of the Wisconsin primary campaign, George McGovern charged that ITT had "paid no federal

taxes at all" for the past three years. As it turned out, McGovern could not back his accusation with any reliable evidence, and thus earned the company's rebuke that his charges were "erroneous and misleading." On the other hand, ITT's real tax position, which its officers have refused to clarify fully, seemed indeed open to question.

Half-Rate. McGovern later admitted that he had included in his calculations only the taxes of the parent company, which accounts for a mere 10% of the entire conglomerate's sales. Thus his figures were bound to be skewed. Taken as a whole, ITT and its subsidiaries reported federal income tax liability of between \$67 million and \$70 million for each of the past three years. By taking advantage of complex tax provisions that allow corporations to depreciate equipment much faster than it actually wears out, ITT was able to defer much of its tax bill until future years. Last year it deferred some \$64 million in taxes, presumably a hefty share of them federal income taxes. Such deferrals give ITT use of the money to seek new profits, in effect providing the corporation with an interest-free loan. However, even if ITT had paid its entire 1971 federal tax bill in cash—a highly unlikely possibility—the conglomerate still evidently had a current tax rate of less than 25% on its \$320 million gross profits in the U.S. and Canada.

In fact, for each of the past three years, ITT's total paid and deferred taxes in the U.S. and Canada came to 20% to 25% of its pretax profits, or about half of the official 48% tax rate on U.S. corporate incomes. Like individual taxpayers, corporations can effectively reduce the official rate by using certain benefits on their tax bill; these include capital gains, which are taxed at a preferential rate, and investment credits, which an expansionist firm like ITT would be certain to use to the fullest.

Nevertheless, an effective tax rate of

IT'S PALM COAST PLANNED COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT IN FLORIDA



Instead of telling us not to smoke, maybe they should tell us what to smoke.

For years, a lot of people have been telling the smoking public not to smoke cigarettes, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine.

But the simple fact is that now more Americans are smoking than ever before. Evidently many people like to smoke and will keep on liking to smoke no matter what any one says or how many times they say it.

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Perhaps, instead of telling us not to smoke cigarettes, they can tell us what to smoke.

For instance, perhaps they ought to recommend that the American public smoke Vantage cigarettes.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

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But it well may be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette a smoker will enjoy smoking. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine. The truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But what good is a low 'tar' cigarette if the smoker has to work so hard trying to pull the flavor through, he feels like he's sucking on a pencil?

Vantage gives the smoker flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. But it's the only cigarette that gives him so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

A statement of simple fact we believe all of us can endorse. And that you can experience in your next pack of cigarettes.



BUSINESS

25% is considered low. Congressman Charles Vanik recently figured such rates for 17 of the largest U.S. industrial firms; the rates ranged from a high of 47% (RCA) to a low of 17% (Bethlehem Steel). Only two of the 17 (Bethlehem and International Harvester) appear to have got off easier than ITT. Whether ITT's rather cushy tax burden is legally justified or not, it is bound to stir further public concern about the inequities of U.S. taxes, a problem that is expanding into a major election issue. When Vanik recently discovered that U.S. Steel Corp. took advantage of so many tax breaks that, although it had earned \$155 million last year, it planned "no provision for taxes on income," he instructed the Joint Economic Committee to report any other companies listed in *FORTUNE*'s 500 that were able to wiggle out of income taxes in 1971. Vanik then asked the House: "If an operation of this dimension pays no federal taxes, pray tell, who should?" □ □ □

ITT also stayed mum on a revelation about the now famous antitrust compromise that allowed it to hold on to Hartford Fire Insurance in return for selling all or part of six other companies. In fact, the *Wall Street Journal* revealed last week that ITT will not have to sell all of ITT Levitt & Sons. Several weeks after Justice Department officials outlined the terms of the antitrust compromise to the conglomerate's officers, ITT was allowed to buy one of Levitt's fast-growing subsidiaries. The transaction was not reported in any of ITT's financial documents; nor was it publicly reported by the Justice Department, which allowed the purchase.

The former Levitt operation, now renamed ITT Community Development Corp., is the builder of Palm Coast, a planned community on Florida's east coast that is optimistically scheduled to have a population of 750,000 by 1984. Justice Department officials contend that the transfer was proper because ITT subsidiaries had put together the land and arranged financing for the project. It was only after Levitt & Sons was bought by ITT in 1967, they say, that Palm Coast became a Levitt operation. Even so, the disclosure that ITT still owns the project means that the complex divestiture agreement it reached with the Government was even more favorable to the corporation than originally thought.

ENTERPRISE

The Gottwald Jinx

Brash, bold and bent on making it big, 73-year-old Floyd Dewey Gottwald of Richmond, Va., has been running up a remarkable record of swift starts and fast fades. In the early 1940s he turned a little paper company into the world's largest producer of blotting paper; then the blotter market rapidly dried up as



FLOYD GOTTWALD JR., FLOYD & BRUCE AT RICHMOND HEADQUARTERS
Ethyl, diapers and Robert E. Lee.

the ballpoint pen caught on. Next, Gottwald converted his company into a maker of thick, waterproof paper bags for packaging fertilizer and chemicals, only to see that market crumble when plastic-lined bags came out. In 1962, with his two sons, Gottwald bought Ethyl Corp., the world's largest producer of lead antiknock compounds for gasoline. Now the Government has set auto pollution standards that should force most lead additives out of gasoline by mid-1970s.

Together with his sons, Floyd Jr., 49, and Bruce, 38, Floyd Gottwald is trying to convince the Government and the automakers that his company's new "lead trap," a disposable filter attached to an auto muffler, will stop lead from being emitted into the air. Trouble is, Ethyl's device does not trap all the lead. Besides, automakers claim that lead must be kept out of the gasoline itself because it clogs catalytic mufflers. These are metal containers for the chemicals that will remove enough air pollutants from auto exhausts to meet federal standards set for 1975.* Says Gottwald: "We're the tennis ball between the auto companies and the Government and we're taking a helluva pounding."

Southern Comfort. Gottwald did not always have such problems. He began his career half a century ago as a clerk at Richmond's Albemarle Paper Manufacturing Co., frugally saved his salary, invested all he could in the company's stock, and continued to do so as he climbed the management ladder. Ultimately he became president—and the biggest shareholder. Gottwald's dollar-tight reputation endeared him to bankers, who deemed him a sound credit risk. Indeed Gottwald and his sons were able to borrow \$200 million ten years ago to buy Ethyl Corp. from General Motors and Jersey Standard. Later they sold off Albemarle at a good profit. Now the *Early this week the Environmental Protection Agency will begin hearings that may delay enforcement of these standards until 1976 or later. U.S. automakers charge that the standards are too rigid and would drastically increase car prices.

family owns 14% of Ethyl's stock, worth \$35 million.

Gottwald continues to spend money sparingly and has built a comfortable cash reserve of more than \$140 million for Ethyl. But the company's net earnings declined 6% last year to \$35 million on sales of \$577 million. Since leaded antiknock compounds accounted for 36% of those sales and a hefty 60% of the profits, Ethyl may have more knocks ahead. But the company is not entirely pessimistic. It has high hopes for its mix of other products, including paper and polyethylene film for coating paper diapers.

Despite the Gottwalds' recent misfortunes, they live and work in pastoral Southern comfort. Ethyl is headquartered in two new Williamsburg-style buildings, with a painting of Robert E. Lee in the board room. Now the Gottwalds must decide how to defend their empire against the anti-lead threats. And diversifying into new fields seems to carry the promise of incurring the family jinx. When phosphates in detergents came under fire from environmentalists, Ethyl spent \$2 million to study and design a plant for a substitute product called NTA. Before the Gottwalds could get it into production, the Government ordered detergent makers to stop using NTA.

The Gottwalds now talk about buying copper or other metal companies, but they also intend to stick with lead. It is possible that the Wankel rotary engine, currently being tested by General Motors and Ford as a replacement for the internal combustion engine, can be adapted to leaded gasoline and still meet antipollution standards. The family also hopes that the whole fuss over lead may blow over. Bruce Gottwald argues that regulations banning the future use of lead in gasoline were emotionally inspired by environmentalists. Brother Floyd adds: "In five years there will be a different President, different politicians—and a lot more realism about all this than we have today."

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couches in front of heat outlets. Let the sunshine in on sunny days, but close the drapes at night. Use storm windows and doors. Also weatherstrip, be careful about leaving doors open, and close the damper when the fireplace is not in use—so you're not heating the whole outdoors.

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CINEMA

Space Oddity

SILENT RUNNING

Directed by DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Screenplay by DERIC WASHBURN,
MIKE CIMINO and STEVE BOCHO

Some time near the turn of this century, in the threateningly near future, all vegetation on earth has died. Some plant life, however, has been preserved under geodesic domes carried in outer space aboard mammoth space freighters. This fleet has been cruising the skies for nearly a decade, caring for the vegetation and waiting for the order to come home.

When the call comes, there is an unexpected proviso: the ships must jettison their precious cargo. Earth is no longer interested; it has no more need for the domes' contents. The crews care only about getting home. They were all just on assignment anyway—all, that is, but one, a botanist named Freeman Lowell (Bruce Dern), who dedicates himself to saving the forests. Lowell disobeys the order, clobbers one of his fellow crewmen with a garden spade and blows up two of the others. Alone save for the mechanical company of three robot-like drones, Lowell floats through space, hiding from the rest of the fleet and nurturing earth's last botanical heritage.

Bruce Dern makes Lowell into a kind of lovable yo-yo, a combination of spaced-out Noah and perennial Eagle Scout. He anthropomorphizes his three drones, christening them Huey, Dewey and Louie, views conservation patches all over his jumpsuit, and sings Smokey the Bear songs to himself as he hustles about the spaceship. Dern's exceptional performance brings more than a little humanity to the film.

Silent Running is a quite captivating



DERN & DRONE IN "RUNNING"
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TIME, APRIL 17, 1972

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essay on futuristic ecology that is possessed by the same simple-minded fervor as its hero. At its worst moments, the film threatens to disintegrate into a marshmallow mawkishness, but it finally conquers its own obvious failures simply by being so sincere. Director Douglas Trumbull, making his first feature, may not yet be as proficient with scripts as he should be, but he has furnished some spectacular special effects. He did some of the visual work on *2001*, and *Silent Running* displays the same kind of technical virtuosity, the same sense of the still, vast symmetry of the galaxies.

In spite of its initial sentimentality, the film comes to an ending that is both hard-edged and poignant. To describe it would scarcely be fair, but it is a fit conclusion to a small, troubling and quietly memorable movie.

■ Jay Cocks

Overreacher

J.W. COOP

Directed by CLIFF ROBERTSON

Screenplay by CLIFF ROBERTSON,

GARY CARTWRIGHT and EDWIN SHRAKE

J.W. Coop (Cliff Robertson) is a rodeo rider who has spent the better part of a decade in stir, serving his time while winning points for the prison rodeo team. Now that he is outside again, he finds that things have changed. He returns home to discover both the old place and his old Ma (Geraldine Page) have suffered something of a decline. Hippies are abroad in the land—even in Texas. Top hands fly to rodeos in private planes and talk about their brokers.

J.W. hits the comeback trail and takes up with a backpack bohemian (Christina Ferrare) who crafts peace emblems out of licorice whips and plies him with soybeans "for high protein." Whether spurred by love or the soybeans, J.W. works himself up to No. 2 rodeo rider in the nation.

Then things start to disintegrate. J.W. proposes marriage. The girl promptly deserts him. Stuck behind the rodeo champ ("Second's the bottom"), J.W. takes a last desperate shot at glory by riding the toughest bull in the rodeo even though his leg is in a cast. He winds up gored on the horns of his greatest triumph.

The movie is at its best in its careful, funky observations of rodeo life, from small-time local contests to the boisterous extravaganzas that look more like circuses. Fledgling Director Robertson has a good eye for the back roads of America and a sharp feeling for what it is like to be short on money and hope.

It is the big time that messes up both J.W. and the movie. Robertson trots out the usual herd of metaphors for contemporary alienation. When J.W. facetiously gives his address as "1313 Luck Road," it comes out sounding smug and pompous because the rest of the film

Forest fires burn more than trees.



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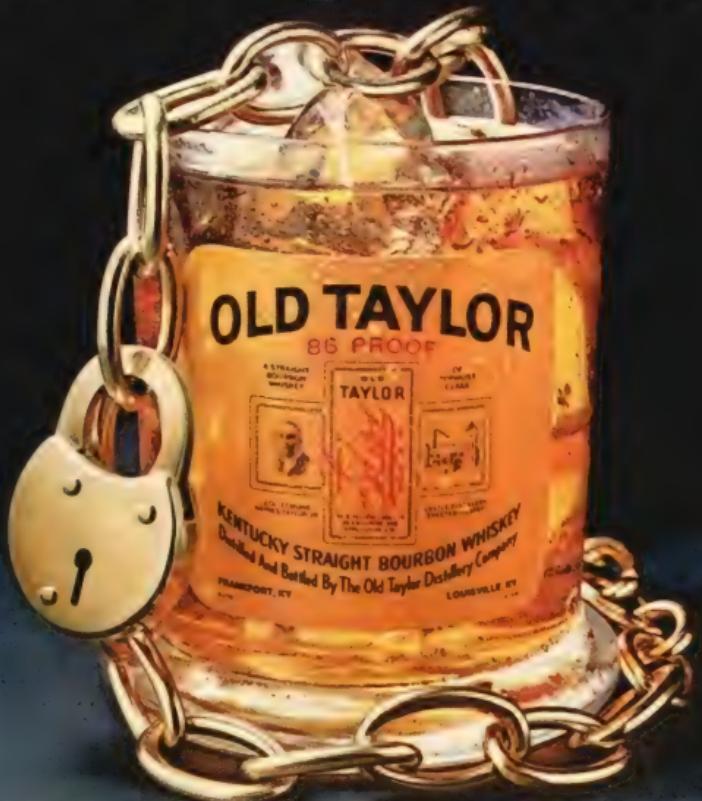
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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

CINEMA



ROBERTSON & FERRARE IN "COOP"
Spurred by soybeans.

deals too literally in such symbolic shorthand, as in the goring episode *J.W. Coop* starts out as a delicate, melancholy yarn and gets trampled in a stampede of meaning. ■J.C.

Sweet Sounds

THE CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH
Directed by SAUL SWIMMER

When George Harrison brought some musician friends together last summer to do a benefit for the war victims of Pakistan, the occasion became an event. The musicians (Harrison, Leon Russell, Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan among them) were loose and enthusiastic, the audience wildly receptive. Together they generated the reciprocal excitement of a revival meeting.

The film catches the music perfectly, but misses much of the atmosphere. The photography is so static that the movie sometimes seems paralytic. Occasionally Director Saul Swimmer will suffer a pang of social conscience and cut away to grainy documentary footage of starving refugees.* He does this so casually and irregularly, however, that the effect is gratuitous.

What Swimmer does capture is the casual communion between the musicians. There are three moments of particular intensity: Bob Dylan's natural virtuosity winning out over his nervousness, Ravi Shankar's astounding mini-concert of Indian music, and Billy Preston's spontaneous dance for joy in the middle of his song of praise to God. Scenes like this make *The Concert for Bangladesh* more than a souvenir supplement to a record album. ■J.C.

*Allen Klein, head of the Beatles' Apple film company, which produced the movie, insists Apple will make no money from it, only recover advertising and production costs. The profits will be donated to UNICEF. A similar arrangement was made for the album of the concert, but New York magazine reports that the net proceeds remain unaccounted for. Klein denies it is suing New York for \$1.50 million in damages.

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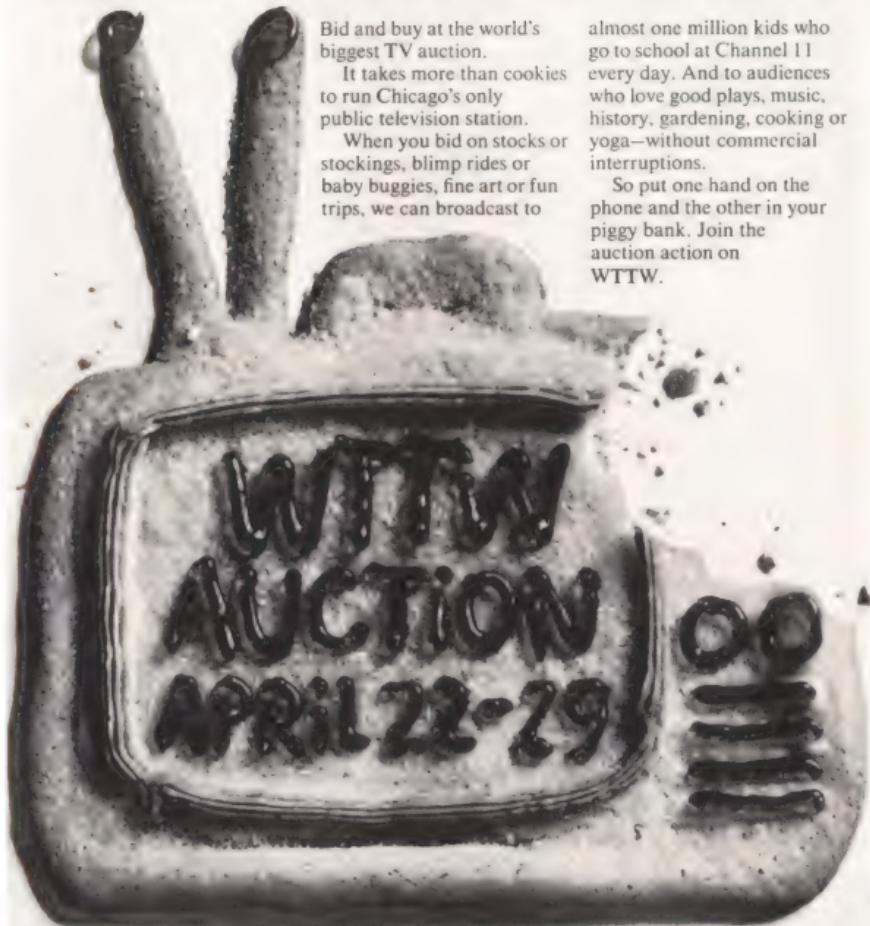
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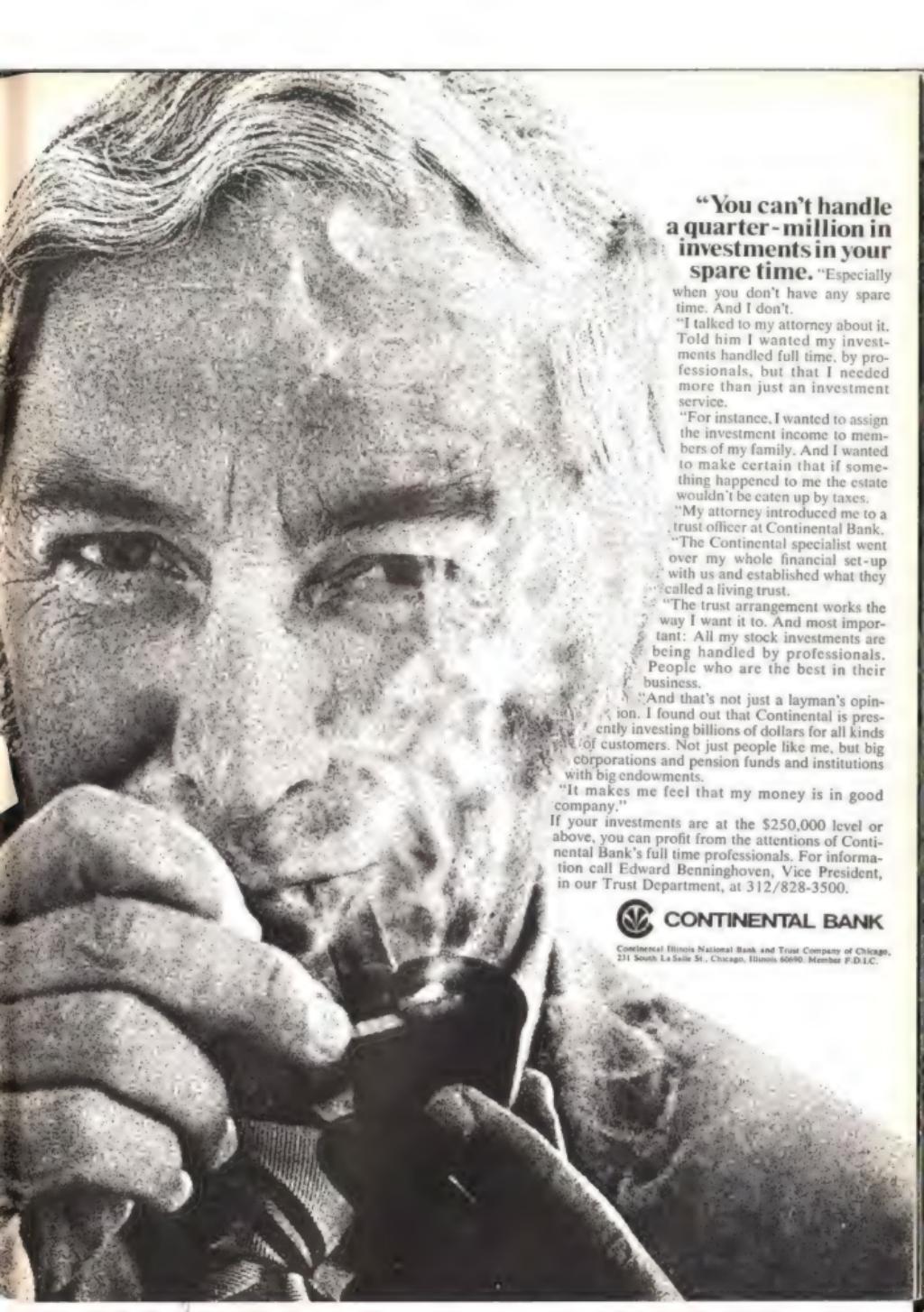
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BOOKS

Spring Cleaning

GERONIMO REX by Barry Hannah
337 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

Like many novels about growing up absurd, *Geronimo Rex* is both a romantic retreat and a sharp, satirical attack on convention. It is the story of young Harriman Monroe, who lives in Dream of Pines, La., a little bit of Southern heaven stripped of its timber by a few paper companies. It is a place where old mules and dogs can park themselves in a *House Beautiful* driveway to die, and where the black principal of a segregated school turns out the greatest high school marching band in the nation. At 22 Harriman is a seasoned eccentric-ex-trumper prodigy, pistol-packing fantasist and medical-school dropout. He has also grown obsessed with the legend of Geronimo, the

afterward, Puzo reports with appropriate delicacy, that "I was introduced to a few gentlemen related to the material. They refused to believe that I had never had the confidence of a don. But all of them loved the book."

NOT TO DISTURB by Muriel Spark. 121 pages. Viking. \$5.

In the past, through sheer brains and talent, Scottish Novelist Muriel Spark has gone away with pretty much anything she wanted to—ghosts, angels, a devil selling tape recorders to African witch doctors, a London mock Eden for young ladies, some of whom were immolated for lust after a Schiaparelli dress. But what we have here is a grim little all-purpose parody and microcosm—with resonances that echo in all directions but never quite ring true.

The scene is a château near Gene-

Trouble is, the goings on are so fictionally pinched, arch and skeletal that the reader is not inclined to read, let alone grope for fretful ambiguities. This time Author Spark is a girl of slender means.

DON JUAN'S BAR by Antonio Callado 271 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

This funny, cynical, seductive Brazilian novel is virtually a textbook on how not to run a revolution. The many characters are mostly Rio radicals—"the bohemian circle, the theater and movie crowd, the festive left"—who hang out at Don Juan's Guided City by Cuban contacts, a whole pack decides to join Commandante Che in Bolivia. Some have endured police torture; some have stockpiled guns; one has robbed a few banks. "The fate of this continent depends on us," says João the poet, "and here we are sopping up the booze." Many die abruptly of their own recklessness; none of them make it across the Paraguay River. Callado, a Rio journalist who has been in and out of jail himself, is jaunty and offhanded with his story, his level eye trained on his countrymen and their dreamy, crazy ways. If he is saying anything, it is that the revolutionary impulse often leads to a most unsuitable quest for personal fulfillment, and the acts it engenders are the stuff of satire, not war.

CAPE OF STORMS by John Gordon Davis 519 pages. Doubleday. \$7.95.

This flawed but highly kinetic second novel by South African Author John Gordon Davis is written in a style that, alas, sometimes suggests Hemingway in *A Farewell to Arms*. Most of the time its setting is a modern Antarctic whaling fleet. English owned but largely manned by Cape Town whites and "Coloureds." The cruelty and comradeship of their gory, race-haunted, frozen shipboard world is conveyed by Davis with extraordinary energy, clarity and even humor. His empathetic descriptions of harpooned whales struggling to escape would turn Ahab himself into a protector of endangered species.

Unhappily, the action eventually moves ashore to follow the trials of a shadowed love affair between a South African officer and a girl who looks as white as Queen Elizabeth but turns out to possess one-eighth Negro blood.

IN THE REIGN OF PEACE by Hugh Nissenson. 157 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

In mood and content these stories, written by an American who has lived in Israel, are linked with the disenchanted fiction and journalism now coming out of that country. As well as anyone, Nissenson depicts the paradox of a promised land immersed in fighting and uneasy compromise. The stories take place from 1946 to the Six-Day War. Spies and interrogators are always close by; families who did not lose someone early in the struggle are sure to later on. The words of Isaiah, invoked by the old,



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CREWS

Apache warrior who lived by his own laws. By the time Hannah's rascally hero moves on from Elvis Presley to the murder of Medgar Evers, he has gone the route from private outrage to public outrage. It is not easy to write a regional novel in a homogenizing world. Barry Hannah, 29, has managed it the first time out by combining his special place, the American South of the 1960s, with the mood of paranoia that took root during that violent decade.

THE GODFATHER PAPERS AND OTHER CONFESSIONS by Mario Puzo. 252 pages. Putnam. \$6.95.

The author has much to say about writing, readers and himself, quite apart from 38 pages devoted to creating *The Godfather* (in words and pictures) and growing rich. "The only thing was," he confesses, "I felt very unnatural being out of debt." *The Godfather* was written entirely from research. It was only

va, once as orderly "as the solar system" but now reduced to greedy chaos. Several generations of servants have helped arrange for the death of their corrupt master and mistress, and confidently await that event, having sold TV, film and serial rights to their stories of murder and suicide in advance. The heir to the château, a demented satyr, is brought down from the attic. A doddering churchman arrives by bicycle, and urges sex-depressant pills on everyone. The tragedy occurs on schedule, but not before an odd young couple are blasted by a bolt of lightning during a gothic thunderstorm. For Catholic Convent Spark, that bolt of lightning possibly offers a therapeutic show of power. Religion reduced to "It's not the thing to do." Morality fallen to "doing your own thing." The id escaped from the attic. Publicity, inertia, lust, cosmic disorder. All these could be fruitful enough fables for our times.

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whistle past young men's ears like bullets. "No lion shall be there nor any ravenous beast; but the redeemed shall walk there." Yet to survive, it is hard to be anything but a lion. In *Going Up*, a retired worker visits his nephews on a kibbutz, near Syria and is appalled by the deaths, both Arab and Jewish. He recalls the psalm, "He who keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," and mutters, "it wouldn't be so bad if I believed He was asleep." Though occasionally marred by a pat coda, these stories are laconic and wise. Their silences refresh the ear, as their unabashed moral searching refreshes the mind.

THE ROSE GARDEN by Otto Friedrich

78 pages. Lippincott. \$3.95.

Anyone who feels that books about raising roses are customarily too much of a mulchiness should try this one. The author takes his roses seriously enough, but frequently uses them as an excuse for provocative digressions about caterpillars, stones and the fact that his father, now dead, often pretends to hear, especially when showing people around his rose garden. While discussing such things as exotic rose names and pointing out that some roses don't smell very good ("sweet and rather tawdry," he describes one unfortunate species), Friedrich never assumes that the care and feeding of roses must be either a sweaty or a holy subject. Especially recommended for those who cannot tell a Strawberry Blonde from a creeping President Herbert Hoover.

END ZONE by Don DeLillo

242 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

The gear, mechanics and incantations of American football would challenge a Claude Lévi-Strauss. Confronting them as a novelist, Don DeLillo shows a touch of the structuralist anthropologist too. *End Zone* is a cool, plotless, witty novel of football as technology and necessary ritual. DeLillo's college players study subjects like Mexican geography and airport commissary management, but their literary roots are more familiar. Gary, running back and hero-narrator, is the perennial exile who takes his talents from college to college—along with a guilty fascination for the hypothesis of nuclear disaster. A Jewish lineman named Bloomberg is a kind of living Diaspora whose traditions have diffused to a standstill. A stout girl named Myrna acts as a contemporary wisdom goddess who counsels balancing history with science fiction.

It isn't so much that these characters are bigger than life. DeLillo's overly schematic vision of life is too small for them.

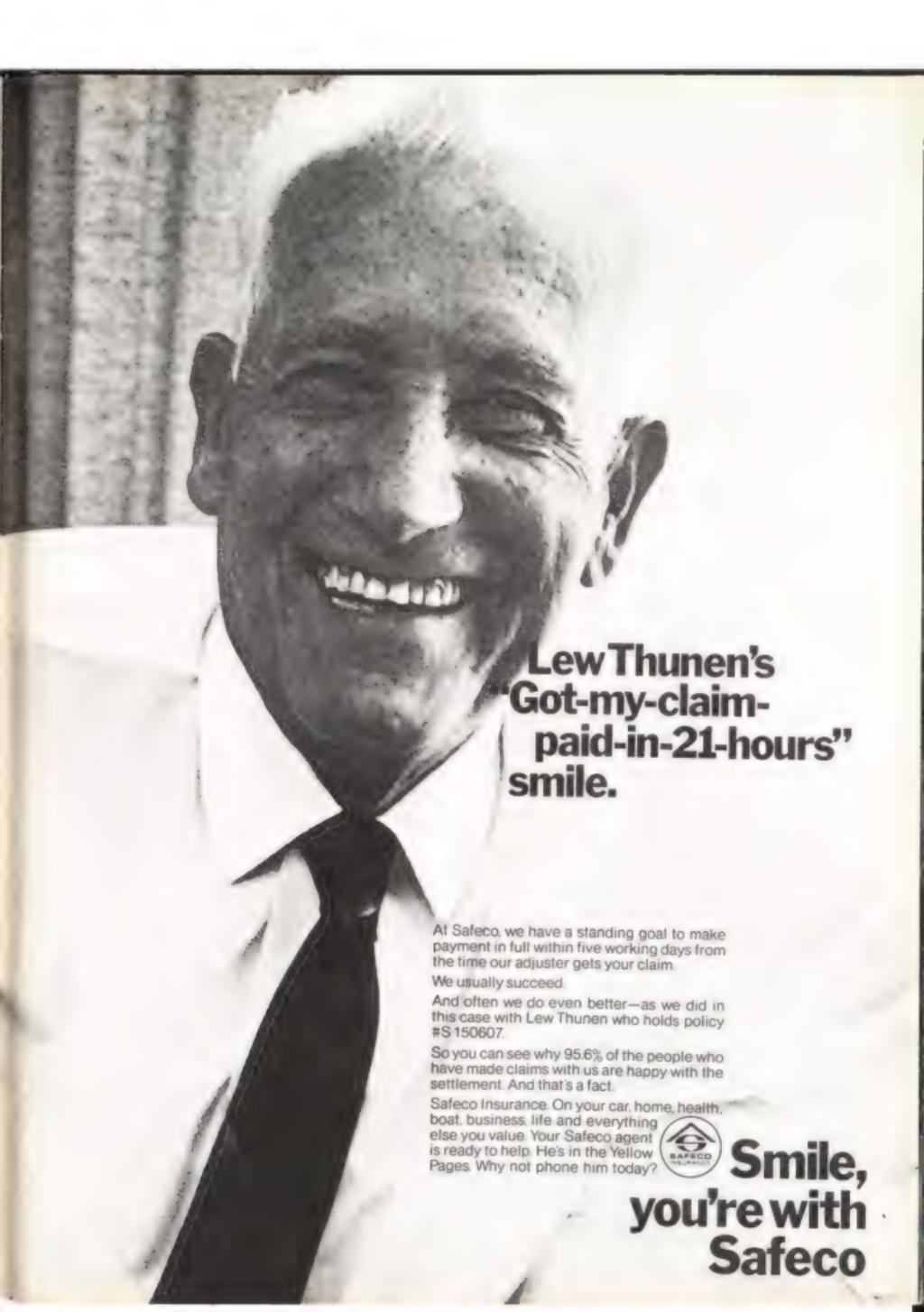
THE MIDNIGHT RAYMOND CHANDLER

734 pages. Houghton Mifflin \$10.

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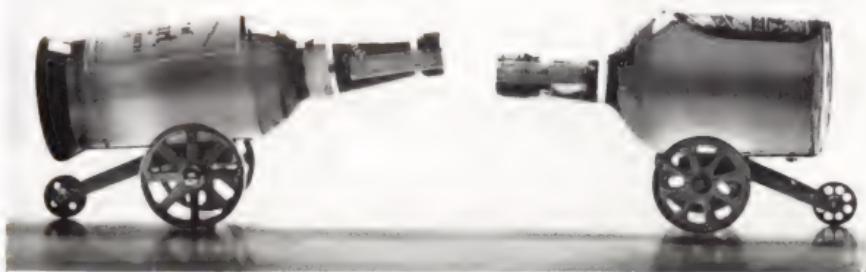
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HOUSE OF STUART





CHANDLER



DE LILLO



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turn up. This volume rewards with an immaculate early story, *Red Wind*, and punishes with a dreadful late effort called *The Pencil*. Also included are two famous novellas, *Trouble Is My Business* and *Blackmailers Don't Shoot*, and two full novels, *The Little Sister* and *The Long Goodbye*. The difference between the two novels reveals an uncomfortable truth: *The Little Sister* is vintage Chandler. The plot is ingenious and preposterously complicated. Detective Philip Marlowe is full of tough back-chat ("Cracking wise," he would call it). In *The Long Goodbye*, the paranoia and self-pity that engulfed Chandler in his last long work, *Playback*, are already in evidence, and the prose and characterization are flaccid. Still, this is a rich enough sampling to send any true fan back to the Cs for the other five novels.

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ARCHDROID by John McPhee. 245 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

David Brower, the wild-haired druid, ecologist, and outdoorsman who guided the Sierra Club during its rise to national prominence as a scourge of dam builders and redwood cutters, is the subject. The glitter in such a man's eyes can make it difficult to get a clear look at him, but McPhee had the happy notion of confronting Brower with three of his ideological enemies on threatened terrain—Glacier Peak Wilderness in the state of Washington, Georgia's Cumberland Island and finally, on a raft trip down the Colorado River. In the process Brower and his antagonists are revealed as subtly and convincingly as they would be in a good novel. The book settles nothing, but it shows clearly where some of the faults lie in the environmental impasse.

NUNAGA: TEN YEARS OF ESKIMO LIFE by Duncan Pryde. 285 pages. Walker. \$7.95.

For Eskimo portraits, pure and sometimes lovingly comic, readers still have to resort to Gontran De Poncins' classic *Kahloona* (1941). But this memoir by a young Scotsman, who escaped

Glasgow in the late 1950s to work for the Hudson's Bay Company above the Arctic Circle, has its moments of old-style adventure and anthropological insight. The author is brisk, precise, modest as he tells about fighting with mean Eskimos, cajoling lazy Eskimos, foiling marriage-minded Eskimos and learning how to carve an igloo with a snow knife. Eskimos, it appears, have 33 distinct words to describe snow in various conditions from soft to firmish, "but not quite firm enough to build a snow-house." There is only one Eskimo word for all the 150 different kinds of flowers that briefly bloom in the Arctic.

THE KID by John Seelye. 119 pages. Viking. \$4.95.

In his first book, *The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (TIME, March 2, 1970), John Seelye rewrote Mark Twain as an answer to nearly a century of carping critics. In *The Kid*, he makes American folklore and literary archetypes jump through hoops, in obvious appreciation of Leslie Fiedler's remark that "to understand the West as somehow a joke comes a little closer to getting it straight."

In 1887 a frail, blond, blue-eyed kid rides into the Wyoming town of Fort Besterman, accompanied by a huge deaf-and-dumb Negro named Ham, with lightning fists and an eye that can see through the backs of playing cards. The inseparable pair has gold for buying sheep, but there are those down at the saloon who would like to shear them of their capital. The result is a series of confidence games, mayhem, range justice, mob rule and a litter of corpses, including Ham and the Kid.

A fine mock western for sure. But also a lode for those critical trilehounds who seem fated by instinct to sniff out literary sources. One could begin with the Old Testament (Ham as father of the Egyptians; the Kid as Joseph the shepherd and favored of pharaoh), then move on through Melville's Ishmael and Queequeg, Mark Twain's Huck and Nigger Jim. Considering that the Kid eventually turns out to be a girl, maybe Seelye owes something to King Kong (Fay Wray and that adoring friend).

TO SMITHEREENS by Rosalyn Drexler. 187 pages. New American Library. \$3.95.

No, a smitherene is not a male smither. In this, as in Rosalyn Drexler's earlier novels, there is a joyful unfocusing of gender and role as defined by the U.S. Census Bureau. The author is one of the lucky ones who has successfully recognized her various talents—as a sculptor, an abstract painter, a playwright and novelist. For a few months in 1951, when she was 24, Mrs. Drexler also toured the U.S. as Rosa Carlo, the Mexican Spitfire, a professional wrestler. *To Smitherenees* borrows from those wrestling days to the extent that the hefty heroine, Rosa Rubinsky, grunts and groans in the ring as Rosa

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In the early days of radio, it didn't much matter which news program you listened to. They were all pretty much the same. Then a few reporters came along with styles so distinctive, they actually made the news worth listening to.

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Carlo, the Mexican Spitfire. On a less strenuous plane, the book is the bizarrely sweet love story of Rosa and Paul Partch, an art critic who introduces himself by groping Rosa's massive thigh in a movie theater. Still, the author's characters are never truly grotesque because in her mothering embrace they somehow remain forever innocent.

CAR by Harry Crews. 152 pages. Morrow. \$5.95.

Car is, yes, a savage fantasy about America's true national pastime: consuming. What better tidbit to satisfy real and imagined cravings than an automobile? For reasons that run from visceral to metaphysical, Herman (son of Easy Mack, automotive history's equivalent of the village blacksmith) decides to eat a car from bumper to bumper. The vehicle chosen is a Ford Maverick, "straight stick shift and no options." It is cut and melted down into bite-size pieces, which Herman plans to swallow at the rate of half a pound a day.

The ritual which Author Crews pursues with antic religious zeal takes place daily before huge paying crowds. The feast encounters numerous disruptions, allowing Crews to freight his gap with optional seriocomic accessories. Prominent is a sort of reversible cannibalism, presumably based on the proposition that you are what you eat, but also eat what you are.

PATLINE'S by Pauline Tabor. 295 pages. Foulshome. \$9.95.

She started off in the Depression in Bowling Green, Ky., divorced and broke with two kids to feed. It might have been what they used to call the old story—a life of sin and degradation. But Pauline Tabor was smart enough to open up a house of her own—"Patline's" became a Kentucky institution—politicians went to pleasure themselves there; fraternity boys would beg a pair of panties to take back as campus trophies. More than three decades later, Pauline, married to a successful bookie, retired to a farm to raise organic crops and write her memoirs.

They are a raunchily genteel exercise—Belle Watling as Jane Austen. This is Pauline commenting on the doomed marriage of one of her girls to a "trick." "Ghosts of past lovers soon blot out the fragile spark of passion, leaving only bitter ashes on love's hearthstone." A 250-lb. temerit who served on occasion as her own bouncer, Pauline can also be and talk, as she might say, rough as a cob. Not surprisingly, she turns out to be a moralist. Pornography shocks her. So does wife swapping. Homosexuals are "lovey-dovey gay boys" and feminists are "Lib loonies." A harried husband, she says, "should stand up and clout the Old Lady a couple of times just to let her know he's still boss." Pauline was the John Wayne of madams, with an admixture of Mae West. Like her book, she was a splendid period piece.

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100's: 19 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'71

Nixon v. the Vultures

Richard Nixon and the press have had each other to kick around for so long that the combat is sometimes treated as if it were a comfortable old joke, like the *Laugh-In* sock-it-to-me bit. But the issues involved deserve serious consideration. How much do the personal tastes and politics of newsmen color their treatment of a controversial public man? Where lies the boundary between analysis and advocacy? Is the press recklessly tearing down public confidence?

These questions are at the core of a new book, *President Nixon and the Press* (Funk & Wagnalls; \$6.95). Author James Keogh, 55, a journalist and Nixon watcher of rich experience, wrote *This Is Nixon* in 1956. He was TIME's executive editor before joining the Nixon campaign in 1968 and then for two years he was the White House assistant in charge of the research and writing staff. Afforded an excellent view of both sides of the fence, Keogh has written what amounts to the latest installment of the President's brief in the argument. In fact, he sometimes sounds more Nixonian than Nixon, conveying a sense of bitterness that the President himself avoids, at least in public.

Big Six. The Administration took office, Keogh reports, expecting an unfair shake, and Nixon himself warned his Cabinet appointees of the twisted coverage to come. As Keogh perceives it, those fears proved more than justified. He exemplifies some publications and individuals from criticism, such as *U.S. News & World Report*, *FORTUNE*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News*. Columnists Max Lerner and Joseph and Stewart Alsop, NBC's Herbert Kaplow and ABC's Howard K. Smith. But he indicted big journalism generally—not for a liberal conspiracy, as some do, but for a "condition of conformity" that bends the news to fit liberal preconceptions. He expends most of his ammunition on six influential offenders from the East: the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, *TIME* and *Newsweek*, NBC and CBS.

These he charges with down-playing stories favorable to the Administration and inflating negative news, with blind skepticism toward presidential policies and governmental authority generally. Nixon is not the only victim, Keogh argues. The public is led to believe that there exist simple solutions to serious problems if only the President would listen to Tom Wicker and Eric Sevareid. Blacks are told that they have an enemy in the White House. Youngsters become accustomed to hearing that troublemakers are admirable. "If the U.S. declines," Keogh concludes apocalyptically, "history will not let American journalism escape

its large share of the responsibility."

Some of Keogh's arguments hit home. Columnists Tom Braden and Frank Mankiewicz accused the Administration of retreating in the campaign against hunger; the same day the White House sent a message to Congress asking for an extra \$1 billion for federal food-distribution programs. Marquis Childs mentioned that Nixon got his news daily from a one-page digest; the summary is always much longer, and on the day of the Childs column it was 51 pages.

Group-Think. It is also true that reporters covering a particular field are always in danger of group-think. They consume the rich diet of each other's prose and spend time together both on and off the job, particularly in Washington. Keogh gives some unsettling instances of publications repeating each other's views and sometimes errors. A number of newspapers, magazines and broadcasters, for example, more or less accepted the assertion that lawmen around the country had murdered 28 Black Panthers. Repeated references to these killings seemed to support the charge of an assassination cabal. *The New Yorker* finally debunked the notion with an investigatory article.

It must be granted as well that the majority of newsmen probably find liberal Democrats more congenial than Nixon Republicans. Keogh quaintly suggests that one reason for this is a residual gratitude to the New Deal and the labor movement, which pushed up editorial wages. Actually, the people who bother Keogh the most are more elitist than trade-unionist in outlook, and there are far more valid reasons than wages for the liberal sentiments among the press. Especially in New York and Washington, many journalists concerned with national affairs are attracted to the academic and artistic worlds, which are heavily Democratic. In the U.S. there has always been a traditional journalistic affection for the underdog, and liberals are usually more successful than conservatives in playing the underdog's champion. Newsmen are not exempt from the widespread disappointment about failure to solve problems from Viet Nam to Harlem. Many have been wondering if in the past they have been too uncritical of the official line—any official line. Besides, there is no doubt that the newsmen lack personal rapport with Nixon. But they are not alone in this; even Nixon's supporters admit that he has had the same problem with the public.

Famous Crack. Ultimately, Keogh's thesis falters because on balance Nixon's press has not been all that bad. He has drawn a good deal of criticism, sometimes unfair, but he has had his innings as well. A number of his major initiatives, including welfare reform, rev-

enu sharing, and his approaches to Moscow and Peking had full coverage and favorable comment.

Much of what Keogh impugns as misplaced "advocacy" is the press fulfilling its duty to analyze official statements and to attempt to forecast their real impact. He complains, for instance, about wrongheaded and misleading reporting of Nixon's integration policy, but all he proves is that many observers simply disagree with and distrust the Administration where race is concerned. Though he does not quarrel with the press's right to interpret, Keogh questions interpretations that differ with the Administration's on important matters.

He also overlooks Nixon's tendency toward overblown rhetoric. This sort of thing positively challenges journalists to make unhappy noises. Keogh is only



JAMES & VERA KEOGH WITH FRIEND
Analysis or advocacy?

mildly critical of careless or inflammatory remarks made by Nixon and others; he concedes that the President's reference to Charles Manson being "guilty" while the murder trial was still in progress was unfortunate, but he dismisses Ronald Reagan's famous "blood-bath" crack concerning campus uprisings as merely maladroit. As for the glorification by the press of rebels and their causes, Keogh again cites some disturbing examples, but in the end it may well be argued that the very fact that dissent found a hearing in the "respectable" press did a great deal to diffuse and disarm it.

In Keogh's scenario, Nixon comes across as an almost defenseless innocent surrounded by hostiles. When reporters were determined to ask tough questions after going four months without a televised press conference, Keogh says, the "vultures were circling ominously." The conference itself was a



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"break-the-President session." This notion does not square with the facts. Any President has enormous resources in communications: quick access to prime-time TV, a vast public relations machine in the White House and executive agencies that can suppress news or slant it. Soon after leaving the Nixon Administration, Daniel P. Moynihan raised some of the issues that Keogh discusses, but Moynihan conceded: "In most essential encounters between the presidency and the press, the advantage is with the former. The President has a near-limitless capacity to 'make' news which must be reported."

Nixon has not hesitated to use that capacity for his own advantage. That is his right. He and his partisans also have a right to rebut any and all criticism; they have not been reluctant to do so. The press needs to be "kept honest," and to be reminded that it has great powers which it does not always wield responsibly. But to argue that it should abandon or greatly modify its adversary relationship with political leaders and public institutions is wrong in the framework of American democracy. If the press has weakened public confidence, the best tonic is not to cry "Vulgar!" but to exert strong, wise leadership that proves the naysayers wrong.

Short Takes

► *Women's Wear Daily*, the brash and bawdy tabloid trade paper, last week acquired a new standard-newspaper-size sibling called *W*, a fortnightly that Publisher John Fairchild says is aimed at "an audience of intellectually affluent women in the U.S. and abroad." Priced at 50¢ or \$7.50 a year, *W* contains lavish color illustrations and a collage of fashion and gossip dedicated to what the beautiful people of both sexes are saying, wearing and doing. The first issue, well seeded with ads, went to 70,000 charter subscribers, and Editor Michael Coady sees circulation rising to 250,000 as "we start to fill the gap between fashion magazines and daily newspaper coverage of clothes." Although some original material may be added later, *W* now is a repackaging of *WW'D*, minus the Seventh Avenue trade news but including *WW'D* jargon (certain men show a "studly attraction") and initial codes (BP for beautiful people, CP for the jetsetters that *WW'D* dubs the "cat pack").

► Craig Claiborne, who retired last year after 14 years as gastronomic guru of the *New York Times*, is back in print with an excellent but expensive (\$36 a year) biweekly newsletter on the joys of eating well. A sort of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sauce Béarnaise But Were Afraid to Ask*, the eight-page *Craig Claiborne Journal* promises a complete course for the conscientious gourmet: recipes for lentil soup as well as *fillets mignons Grimod de la Reynière*, a serialized *Dictionary of Gastronomy* and reviews of restaurants

FIRST ISSUE OF FAIRCHILD'S "W"
BPs, CPs and studs.

at home and abroad that Claiborne hopes will ultimately reach from Peoria to Peking. "We mean to amuse and advise," wrote Claiborne in Vol. 1, No. 1. He promises "never to use the words gourmet, gourmand and epicure except in cases of extreme necessity."

► On the seventh day, Long Island's *Newsday* always rested, secured in the knowledge that on the other six, its 450,000 circulation covered two out of every three homes on the island. No more. Last weekend *Newsday* began *Sunday Newsday*, complete with separate sections for commentary, entertainment, sports, comics and a slick local four-color magazine titled *L.I.* The management expects to sell 500,000 Sunday copies, mostly at the expense of three competitors that previously carved up the Long Island Sunday field among them: the *New York Daily News*, *Long Island Press* and *New York Times*. One year in the planning, and manned by a separate staff of 200, *Sunday Newsday* is seen by Assistant to the Editor William Sexton as a logical service for *Newsday's* regular readers: "Why should they have to buy an out-of-town paper on Sunday?"

► The *Good News Paper* died last week, from advertising atrophy rather than any dearth of happy tidings. Launched 16 months ago by Sacramento businessman William Bailey "with a lot of optimism and \$100," *G.N.P.* built a fortnightly circulation of 11,000 by listing only stocks that went up, banning ads for cigarettes and sex movies, and contriving such upbeat leads as: "In the U.S. last year, 196,459,483 citizens did not commit a crime." But the paper fell \$45,000 into debt. To the end, Bailey never printed the sad account of his failure in the *Good News Paper*.

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Mr. Josef Briffel of Cartier's, New York, is about to cleave the gem in the rear seat of a moving Mercury. Will the ride be steady enough?



We chose a rugged test site: Dyckman Street, where the road is rough, uneven. Our speed at the critical moment: 35 mph.



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A perfect cleft! Two beautifully formed pieces are ready to be polished. The smaller is 4.75 cts. The larger gem an impressive 9.02 cts.



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